

Latine Songs, With their ENGLISH: AND POEMS.

By *HENRY BOLD*,
Formerly of N. Coll. in *Oxon*, after-
wards of the Examiners Office in
Chancery.

Collected and perfected by
Captain *WILLIAM BOLD*.

Hor. 2. L. 2. Ep. 11.

*Singula de nobis, Anni predantur euntes,
Eripere Jocos, Venerem, Convivia, Ludum,
Tendant extorquere Poemata: Quid faciam vis?*

L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Eglesfield* Bookseller at the
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EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Benevolous Reader,

IN the Revolution of this little Volume, you will encounter several intervening Causes of observation, and other accidents of such nature in these times that may move thee even to admiration; as First, That these Papers have layn so long Conceal'd before their appearance in Puqlick they being of such value, so much desired and Expected, by all Ingenious men of all degrees, Especially, those who had a knowledg of the Author, which scruple thus I answere. First, That the Author Composed many of these

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things

Epistle to the Reader.

things to gratify the Commands of his Superiours, or the Request of his Friends or Acquaintance, as Chevy-Chace for the R.R. the Bishop of London; and some for other Honorable Persons, & some for his own humor, or his Familiar Friends, and these he distributed according as they were related in the first fair Corrected Copy, and left nothing in his own Custody but indigested, foul, torn, scattering Papers, and those in such disorder, that, after they came to my hands, (though kept together with all the care could be improv'd, yet) of some Songs it may be one Canton came to my hand as this day, and peradventure (five Months after) I might be so fortunate as to get the rest, or most part of it together, and some utterly disjointed till reduced as they now are (I hope) not very lamely by my weak Genius. Another obstacle my
unac-

Epistle to the Reader.

unacquainted and stranger Interest with many who were of his Intimacy, so that I could not retrieve many whole Copies that I have only heard of, but never get the possession of them, Therefore it is desired of all Gentlemen who have any of the Authors Latine Songs or Verses which are not found in this Impression, that they will be pleased to bring or send Copies of them to Mr. John Eglesfield Bookseller, at the Sign of the Marigold in Fleet-Street London, whereby to incourage another Edition, and it shall be received as a great Favour and Civility by the Publisher, and a worthy gratitude to the memory of the Deceased Author. Some again, were very hardly recovered out of the hands of an illiterate welch Cook wench, who had designed to sacrifice them to the hoary Hen on the Spit, in which service two of these (the one begining Absit mætus

Epistle to the Reader.

marus phantasticus, and another
beginning, Schismaticis ex omnibus)
lost all their English Tongue. A-
nother attractive of Admiration is,
that you find a thing of this nature
and value, (a work never seen Printed
in England, or (that I ever heard of)
in any part of the World beside before
this) should pass the Press without
the Patronage of some worthy Mæcenas.
To which I answer, that among some
of the Authors Papers, I found a
preparative Dedication (provided he
had lived to Print them himself;)
to a Person of Quality, who was a
most Constant Countenancer of the
Authors Muse, while he was living.
To this Person I did address my self.
And desired, that, for his dead Friends
sake he would be pleased to accept it,
but he return'd me with this modest
Complement, Detur Digniori, now
since I had no pretensions to Intitle
this

Epistle to the Reader.

this Book mine own I sought no farther
into the Catalogue of mine own
Friends: Thus (kind Reader) thou
seest it comes to thy hands in a blew
Coat without a Badg, I hope thou wilt
use it more Favourably then to reject it
before thou knowest what it is, but as
thou findest it let it suffer, without
straining thy Judgement or Censure.

Farewell.

To

To my Worthy Friend Captain
William Bold, on his Col-
lection of his Brothers Latine
Songs, &c.

Hearing y^e had undertaken to Collect (Expect,
These scatter'd Papers, which none could
Should e're in bulk have view'd the World again }
But like their Author in the Grave remain, }
And wrapt in Flannel under Earth have lain. }
A Task so difficult, I durst believe,
(But his own Genius,) none could e're retrieve,
Yet those have seen them loose, in their first birth,
Doe know they've nothing lost of native worth.

Therefore I could not choose but entertain }
With Joyful welcome this your generous vain, }
That raises *Harry* from the dead again. }
'Twas such a kindness to forlorne thoughts,
(Past Expectation) none could e're have brought's,
But such industrious studdies yours have been,
You have in this reviv'd both us and him.

When Songs & Verse, that in their kind were
By times & fashions, as condemned stood, (good
For want of polite Phrase, and modern guise
Scarce 'scap'd the Execution, or th' Assize.
Your Brother took them home, and by his Care,
Nurs'd them so well, that still they living are,

He

He taught them speak so Elegant and true,
Their language Carries them the World quite
His Charity in that was great, but now (through,
We all receive the benefit from you.
Like Pilgrims, singly he abroad them sent,
But you have brought them into one Convent.
Where cloyster'd by your care they now shall live,
And when y'are dead your memories revive.
Your Brothers, as their Founder and Instructor,
Yours, as their *Questor* and Chief Benefactor.
As pious works do speak their Founders stories,
These sheets are fixt your Monumental Glories.

G. H. hosp. Gray:

TO

TO
CAPT. WILLIAM BOLD
ON HIS
Collections. &c.

FULL of faint hopes , and fears the World
(hath been,
That these sweet measures, were no sooner seen
In publick sheets, which so long lost have lain
In private hands disperst, and void of name,
Like Embrions which are stisl'd e're their birth }
Are only pitty'd and return'd to Earth,
Of fostering neither capable or worth. }
And these loose Papers a like fortune had,
If by your Care and Industry not made
A Ripe and full grown birth; which sure must be
Of ery spritely wit the Nursery,
The Bosom friend, and welcome pocket Guest,
Of all Ingenious Company a Feast ;
Who is't that would his fancies recreate
With an old Song, by time worne out of date,
Yet 'cause he Loves the Humor, or the Tune,
Would not be laught at by the boys o'th' Town,
Here,

Here, he may find a Remedy at hand,
And please himself, when few can understand
How neatly he doth put the change upon
Old *Chevy-Chase*, or new, *Nay prithee John*.
Being thus provided of quaint Phrase in Ryme,
Youth may improve their knowledg, mirth &
If riper years will have a Round or Catch, (time
Here's that which will their frolick humor match,
If frail conceit lye couch'd in any place,
Here's language gives it modesty and grace.
How basely then, had these rich lines been left
An Embrio, of form and life bereft.
Had you not found a means to bring to light,
What had been swallow'd in e'rlasting night.
For, *Harry*, careless of what he had done,
At's Friends request, to's Friend he left alone }
And thought it was his Friends, and not his own. }
Never reserving Copy well Corrected,
But some few scatter'd notions quite neglected,
VVithout concern, or thought of such a miss
H'has sent for Copies to that Friend of his,
Distant an hundred miles, so to retrieve
Forgotten lines which he did make and give,
So that you surely found them halt and lame,
Some torn in wretched Rags and tatters came,
Some wanting Digits, some had lost a Foot,
But by your care and skill, you holp'd them to'r;
And

And we acknowledg your Labours have been great,
Of such lame limbs to make a Corps compleat,
And now, devoting these your studies thus,
In raising these, you raise both him and us.

M. B. Oxon.

at,
at,
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n.

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—

SONGS

AND

POEMS.

SONG I.

Good your Worship, cast your Eye
 Upon a Souldiers misery,
 And let not these lean Cheeks (I pray)
 Your Bounty from a Souldier fray.
 But like a noble Friend,
 Some Silver lend,
 And *Jove* shall pay you in the End.
 And I will pray to Fate
 To make you Fortunate
 In Heavenly and in Earthly State.

II.

I never was wont to beg (Good Sir)
 Which makes me Blush to keep this Stir,
 I never went from place to place,
 For to make known my woful Case :

Oh

(3)

C A R M I N A E T P O E M A T A.

C A N T. I.

M*iserescas Domine !
Commilitis Inediae !
Nec Fauces etsi macescant,
Benignitatem terreant !
At des Benevolus,
De tuis opibus,
Quod Deus est redditurus:
Eritq; in precibus,
Ut sis Beatulus,
Terrenis, ac Cælestibus.*

II.

*Petere non soleo,
Quapropter, nunc Erabeo !
Huc illuc nqn obambulo.
Ut dari status sim Præco:*

B 2

Non

Oh I am none of those,
 A Roguing goes,
 And Maundring shew their Drunken-Blows,
 Which they have only got,
 By banging of the Pot,
 And Quarelling to pay the Shot.

III.

But I who Limp thus Wars have seen,
 And in brave Battles have I been ;
 Still where the Cannons Us'd to Roar,
 My proper Sphear was Evermore.

Once at a Barricado,
 In Bravado
 Tossing of the Hand-Granado,
 Death was very near,
 For it took away mine Ear,
 And yet (thank God) Ch'am here, Ch'am here.

IV.

I have at least a dozen times
 Been blown up by these Roguish mines,
 Thrice through the head I have been shot
 My Brains have boy'd up like a Pot,
 And being left for Dead
 When all were Fled,
 They sent me back again to Bed.
 Those dangers I have past
 From First to Last
 Would make your Worship fore agast.

Non sum de Vilibus,
 Istis Erronibus,
 Cicatrices Factantibus,
 Quæ dantur cominibus
 In Bacchanalibus,
 De symbolo pugnantibus.

III.

At ego, mancus bellavi,
 Ac Præliis interfui :
 Bombardis intonantibus,
 Sum usq; Versatissimus.
 Semel in Aggere,
 Ut sit intrepide,
 Misso, palmario Fulmine,
 Mors, mihi affuit,
 Nam Aurem rapuit;
 At heic sum, Deo Gratia sit.

IV.

Bis sexies, ad minimum,
 Cuniculis Efflatus sum,
 Fixusq; ter per Cranium,
 Ut ebullârit Cerebrum ;
 Ac semianimus,
 Fugatis aliis,
 Locatus sum in Lectis,
 In-dies subegi,
 Tantum periculi :
 Quantum terrori sit Tibi.

V.

At push of Pike I lost this Eye,
 At *Bergen* Seig I broke my Thigh:
 At *Brussels*, (though a very Lad)
 I laid about as I were Mad.

Oh little would you Ween
 That I have been
 Such an old Souldier of the Queen;
 But if *Sr. Francis Vere*
 Were living now and here
 He'd tell you how I Slash'd them there.

VI.

The *Zealanders* my Fury know,
 I oft with them have Chang'd a blow,
 From whence we led a Warlike dance
 Out of *Spain* and into *France*,
 Where we have spent a Flood
 Of very noble Blood,
 And did but very little Good;
 And now I am come Home
 With Rags about my Bum,
 To beg of you for this small Sum.

VII.

And now my case you Understand,
 Good Sir lend me your helping Hand ;
 A little thing would pleasure me,
 To keep in Ure your Charity,

V.

*Lanciendo, lumen amisi,
Bergen obsessâ, Crus fregi :
Bruxellæ, adhuc Juvenis
Dimicui, par Amentis.*

*Ah Credes minimè
Me Unquàm fuisse
De veteranis Reginæ ;
Sin Verum Dominum,
Mors redderet Vivum,
Probaret me Pugnaculum.*

VI.

*Furorem Nôrunt Zelandi,
Quibuscum sæpe certavi,
Unde Saltamus Pyrrhicam,
Per Hispanos, in Galliam.*

*Quà sanguis Nobilis,
Adinstar fluminis,
Effluxit pro vilissimis,
At nunc sum reversus,
-Laceratis vestibus,
Summulam te rogaturus.*

VII.

*Res hasce cùm intelligas,
Juvantem Manum præbeas ;
Placebit mihi minimum,
Ut Præstes te munificum :*

Oh! 'tis not bread and cheese
 Or Barly leese
 Or any such like Scraps as these
 That I do ask of you,
 But Shillings one or two,
 Therefore your purse-strings straight undo.

S O N G II.

I.

DAme Fortune if thou want'st a guide,
 I'll tell thee how thou maist divide,
 Distribute unto each his due,
 Justice is Blind and so are you.

II.

To the Usurer this doom impart,
 May's Scrivener break, and then his Heart.
 His Debtors unto beggary fall,
 Or what's as bad turn Courtiers all.

III.

Unto Tradesmen that fell too dear,
 A long vacation all the Year!
 Revenge us thus on their deceits,
 And send them Wives, light, as their Weights.

And

(9)

*Non Panem, Caseum,
Potum hordeaceum,
Nec de Carne frustulum,
Abs te efflagito,
Sed solidos duo.
Idcirco Bursam solvito.*

C A N T. II.

I.

S I Duce (sors) indigeas,
Instruam te ut divides,
Suum Cuiq; tribue,
Cæcutis par Justitiæ.

II.

*Hoc Fatum habet Creditor,
Repto Scribâ, Rumpatur Cor,
Sint Debitores mendici!
Aut Saltem fiant Aulici.*

III.

*Illis qui vendunt nimio,
Annalis sit vacatio!
Uxores sint pro fraudibus,
Leves, æquæ ponderibus.*

IV.

And lest the Players should grow poor,
 Send them Aglaura's more and more,
 Unto the Puritans more Ears,
 Then *Ceres* in her Garland wears.

V.

But Fortune how canst recompence,
 The French mens daily insolence?
 For them I know no greater pain,
 Then to be sent to *France* again.

VI.

To the Physician (if you please)
 Send him another new disease,
 And give to Scholars (if thou canst do't)
 A Benefice without a suit.

VII.

To Court Lords great Monopolies,
 And to their Wives Communities,
 So Fortune shalt thou please them all,
 When Lords do rise and Ladies fall.

VIII.

Unto the Lawyers (I beseech)
 As much for silence as for speech.
 To Ladies Ushers strength of Back
 And to my self a cup of Sack.

(11)

IV.

*Et nè vilescat Histrio,
Aglauras plures addito,
Tot aures da Fanaticis,
Quot sunt aristæ Cereris!*

V.

*Et quali pænâ rependas,
Gallorum insolentias ?
Tam gravem novi non aliam,
Quàm transmitti in Galliam.*

VI.

*(Si placet) & ad medicum,
Mittas morbum novitium,
(Si potes) des Scholaribus,
Vicariam, sine Litibus.*

VII.

*Magnates sint monopolæ !
Uxores & Publicolæ !
Sic sors placebis omnibus,
Eis Altis, His Jacentibus.*

VIII.

*Et quantum das Causidico,
Da tantum pro silentio,
Im Dorſi præambulonibus,
Ac mihi vinum Potibus.*

CANT.

S O N G III.

I.

SIT thee down by me (mine own) Joy
 Thou'lt quite kill me should'st thou prove Coy,
 Should'st be Coy, and have none of me,
 Where should I have such another Lais as thee.

II.

I've been at Wake, and I've been at Fair,
 Yet saw not one, with thee to Compare.
 Long have I sought, but ne're could I find,
 One like to thee, if thou prove kind.

III.

Thou shalt have gay things to make the fine,
 Thou shalt have all things if thou'lt be mine;
 Thy head with the choicest Flowers shall be
 (crown'd,
 And thy pink-petty-coat shall be Laced round.

IV.

We'l go early to the brook side,
 To catch Filhes as they do glide ;
 And ev'ry Fish thy Captive shall be,
 Thou catching them as thou hast caught me.
 When

C A N T. III.

I.

Mibi sis Assedo (*melleum Cor,*)
 Si Dura fias, Emorior.
 Si Dura, nolis me Conjugem,
 Ubinàm habeam tui parem?

II.

Nundinis, ac Feriis, interfui,
 At tibi similem non vidi:
 Diù quæsiui non inventam,
 Uspiàm talem amiculam.

III.

Ut sis Ornata, nil aberit,
 Modò mea sis, omne aderit;
 Caput tuum fertis, Coronabitur,
 Institaq; vestis Circabitur.

IV.

Manè; præter ripas, pendeat Hamus,
 Pisces prolapsos, capturus;
 Quilibet èqueis capietur a te,
 Haud secùs quàm cepisti me.

V.

When the scrip's full then what shall we do?
 But gang to the little house on the hill brow.
 There will we sit and eat up our Fish,
 But sure 'tis thy self must make the best dish.

VI

Come let me kiss thy cherry lips, and trace
 All o're the wonders of thy sweet face;
 Thy breasts, that so white, and roundly do rise,
 Thy ruddy-Cheeks, and thy black Eyes.

VII.

Ile ly by thee, all the cold night,
 Thou shalt have all things for thy delight.
 Thou shalt have any thing, thou shalt have me,
 Sure I have some thing, that will please thee.

S O N G IV.

I.

MY dearest Mistress, hath an heart,
 Kind, as those soft looks she gave me;
 When with her resistless arts,
 And her Eyes she did inslave me.

But

V.

*Impletâ Perâ, quid agemus?
Domum cis montem quin visemus,
Ubi erit mihi Comedo,
At ipsa eris pro Epûlo.*

VI.

*Ut basiem labra Cerasina,
Oris vestigant miracula;
Mammarum, Candidos globulos,
Rubras Genas, nigròsq; oculos.*

VII.

*Tecum ut ut, pernoctabo,
Omnia erunt pro delicio.
En tibi Quodlibet, etiam me,
Scilicet Aliquid juvans te.*

C A N T. IV.

I.

COR est meo Corcula,
Gratum, sicut cilium dedit.
Quando Amatorio,
Oculisq; me subegit.

At

But her Constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my Jealous heart will break,
 If that we live one Day afunder.

II.

Melting Joys about her move,
 Killing Charms, and wounding blisses,
 She can arm herself with love,
 And her lips can Charm with kisses,
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight and mankind's wonder,
 Yet my Jealous heart she breaks,
 If that we lye one night afunder.

S O N G V.

I.

D*iana, Penelope, Lucrece,*
 Were fullen, and Idle Queans,
 There is ne're a Countess or Dutches,
 Like one that will use the means :
 They give their minds unto't,
 And ply you, Tooth and Nail,
 And when you set in't they'l do't
 As Devil were in their Tail.

They

*At adeò est mutabilis
Levis, aptaq; vagari,
Ut Cardia foret fragilis,
Ab illa Diem separari.*

II.

*Hanc Circumdant Gaudia,
Beatitudo, incantatio,
Flammillis armat Lumina,
Labra Caput Suaviatio,
Loquens Angelos tenet,
Lux mea est, & admiranda,
At Cor suspicax Franget,
A me si noctem seperanda.*

C A N T. V.

I.

P*Enelope, Phœbe, Lucretia,
Ponantur in vilibus :
Cedant Comitissa, Ducissa,
Opus-operantibus :
Huic operam faciles,
Dente-unge, obnixe dant
Fututuris Agiles,
Ut Succubæ, se præstant.*

II.

They look for no tedious-Woing,
 or whispering this and that,
 without any further-a-Doing,
 They know what you would be at.
 To Dead-Lifts they'l not fail,
 And handle your matter so,
 But wy-he. They'l wag the tail,
 And buckle unto your bow.

III.

Then Pox o'that pittiful Sinner,
 That whines at a Ladyes dore,
 Hee'l find less of pleasantness in her,
 Then in a *Whetston-Whore* :
 —There you must cring, and crouch,
 To purchas a kifs o'th Hand,
 When here, you may take a touch,
 She's ever at your Command.

S O N G. VI.

I.

BY the Charms of his *Phillis*, lead with
 (vigorous power,
 The Shepherd arriv'd, and rush'd in at the dore.

All

II.

*Procacitas quævis abesto ,
 Loquaces aufugiunt ,
 Molestia nulla subesto !
 Quid voltis intelligunt.
 Ultroneam opem dant ,
 Quum vestra Res agitur ,
 Rem Rei subministrant ,
 Rerúmque satagitur.*

III.

*Procus iste depereat malè
 Ad fores Amiculæ !
 Cui suavium, non æquale
 Whetston-Meretriculæ !
 Illic blandiendum est ,
 Dare manibus Basium ,
 Dum hic, nil agendum est ,
 Quin Prostat ad libitum.*

C A N T VI.

I.

I Neante Phyllide nolens volens,
En Pastor adivit per ostia movens.

All his hopes, and his fears, were Confirm'd by
(this Chance,
For he found her at work with herself in a Trance.

II.

On her back she was laid, with her legs spread
(a sunder,
Nor had she omitted the Pillow laid under :
With only her hand, and her fancy oppress'd,
She panted and heav'd, you may guess at the
(rest.

III.

Before he cou'd come to succor her Flame,
The Nymph was so quick, she had plaid out her
, (Game:
With that she lookt up, and saw him in the place,
Oh wretched ! she cry'd, how comes this to pass?

IV.

'Tis the fate of our Sex to lye under this Curse,
If we lye not with yours, we do what is Worfe,
We languish in Love, look Pale, and Wan,
Whilst this is the Vertue, resists thee oh Man.

V.

With that the bold Shepherd began to draw
 And the Nymph started back, with her usual
 He

*Quo casu, Timores, & spes, sunt rati,
Cum vidit, hanc mastrupantem in Ecstasi.*

II.

*Supina, jacet Extensis Cruribus,
Pulvinòq; posito sub natibus,
Phantasiæ, manúsq; victa operâ,
Tremuitq; movitq; scitis Cætera.*

III.

*Citiùs quàm opilio, ignis aderat,
Nympha actuaria opus egerat,
Suspiciens, ibidem, cum illum vidit,
Me miseram! dixit, hoc quomodo fit?*

IV.

*Mulierum est fatum, hoc ferre mali,
Vestrum velle, nolle, pejora pati.
Languentes amore, pallemus, ploramus,
Dum, (viz,) hâc virtute, tibi nos obstamus.*

V.

*Audax Pastor protinus appropinquat,
Ac solito metu Nympha avolat.*

He closely persu'd, oh ! gently she Cry'd,
Oh ! Fool that I was, that so long I Deny'd.

VI.

She gave him her hand which she sealed with a
(Kiss,
And swore 'till that minute she never knew bliss
She smil'd, then Laugh'd out, and about him
(still hung,
And cry'd (my dear *Damon*) I hope you han't
(done.

VII.

The Shepherd then rallying to charge her again,
With a courage as fierce as at first he began,
By ill fate awaked , and then found it was all
But a Dream, though he look'd upon it as a call.

VIII.

To the Nymph he ador'd, away straight he Ran,
And before an hower past, what he Fancy'd
(got done,
From that time he swore, he'd believe Revela-
(tion
Since to him it had prov'd the best Baud in the
(Nation.
SONG. VII.

*Insequente illo, Oh ! ait submissè,
Oh ! stultam me ! Citiùs non dedisse.*

VI.

*Manum illi præbuit osculatam,
Jurans se non priùs esse beatam,
Subrisu Cachinnat amplectens illum,
Dixitq; spero te non peracturum.*

VII.

*Secundo Pastorculus Congressurus,
Vigore, quo primò est fututurus,
Malum ! expergenti, quid ? insomnium ?
Etiam si par vocationi visum.*

VIII.

*Nympham perdilectam statim adiit,
Horario quod priùs fictum finiit,
Jurans Captum fore se Revelatione,
Scilicet Lenâ optimâ in Natione.*

S O N G. VII.

I.

WHy dost thou say I am forsworne,
 'Cause thine I vow'd to be?
 Thou se'st it is already morn,
 And 'twas last night I promis'd thee,
 That fond Impossibility.

II.

And I have lov'd thee much and long,
 A tedious twelve houres space,
 I should do other Beauties wrong,
 And rob thee of a fresh imbrace,
 Should I still dote upon thy Face.

III.

Not but all Joyes in thy brown hair,
 By others may be found:
 But I must have the black and Faire,
 So for treasures some do sound,
 In altogether unknown Ground.

IV.

But if, when I have rang'd my Round,
 Thou prov'st the pleasant'st she,
 With spoyles of other beauties Crown'd,
 I laden will return to thee,
 Even fated with variety.

CANT

C A N T VII.

I.

CURfore dicis perjurum,
 Tuum voventem me?
 Diescit ecce Jamdudum,
 Ac promittebam vespere,
 Hoc vanum Impossibile.

II.

Multum diuq; amabam,
 (Diei spatium,)
 Aliis ferrem Injuriam,
 Ac Impedirem coitum,
 Adamans te perpetuum.

III.

Sed tamen Crines nigelli,
 Perplaceant aliis,
 Atri, mihi, ac Pulchelli:
 Sic fodiunt, pro copiis,
 Terris prorsus incognitis.

IV.

At Circum cum vagarero,
 Si Bellam præstes te,
 Spoliis onustus adero,
 Gaudens ad te revertere,
 Satiatus varietate.

CANT.

Another of the same.

C A N T. VII.

CUR me perjurum dicis esse,
 Cum tuum me devovi?
 Auroram vides nunc adesse,
 Hesternâ nocte id promovi,
 Quod impossibile jam novi.

II.

Non bis sex horæ tibi lætæ,
 Quàm diu vis amarem?
 Cæteræ viderentur Spretæ,
 Novi amplexu deprivarem,
 Si te Constanter honorarem.

III.

In te fatebo admiranda
 Satis reperiuntur,
 Sed Alba Nigra sunt scrutanda,
 Terræ infossæ evolvuntur,
 Hinc Mineralia Effodiuntur.

Cinra

IV.

*Cum sim per Circulum vagatus,
Si tu sis magis grata,
Minorum Spoliis Coronatus,
Anima redit onerata,
Copia suavi satiata.*

CANT.

S O N G. VIII.

I.

W^Ert thou far fairer than thou art,
 Which lies not in the power of art ;
 Or had'st thou in thine Eyes more darts,
 Than ever *Cupid* shot at Hearts,
 Yet if they were not throw'n at me,
 I would not cast one thought on thee.

II.

I'de rather marry a disease,
 Than court a thing cannot please,
 She that will cherish my Desires,
 Must feed my Flames with equal Fires !
 What sweetness is there in a kiss,
 To him that doubts the Heart's not his ?

III.

I love thee not 'cause thou art Fair,
 Softer than Down, sweeter than Air,
 Nor for these *Cupids* that do Lye,
 In every Corner of thine Eye.
 But would'st thou know what it may be,
 'Tis I love you, 'cause you love me.

CANT. VIII.

I.

*SI præsuiſſes formala
 Cui Ceſſit Artis Normula,
 Aut ſi fuiſſes oculis
 Telis Armata Corculis,
 Si non Emiſſa ſint ad me,
 Nequaquam decurabo te.*

II.

*Mallem me morbo jungere,
 Quàm Pervicacem petere:
 Ignes quæ noſtros natriet,
 Flammas Flammis ſuppeditet:
 Quid mellis eſt in Osculo,
 Quùm fidei nil in Corculo ?*

III.

*Non Amo te pro decore,
 Parem Plumæ, parem Auræ,
 Nec non pro Cupidinibus,
 Innatis in Luminibus.
 At cauſam ſi vis noſcere,
 Amo te quòd Amâſti me.*

CANT.

S O N G. IX.

I.

Sweet ! let me now this evening dye !
 Oh smile not to prevent it ,
 But use this opportunity ,
 Lest that we both repent it ;
 Frown quickly then, and break my Heart,
 That so my way of Dying
 May, (though my life be full of smart,)
 Be worth the World's Envy'ing.

II.

Some striving knowledg to refine,
 Consume themselves with thinking
 Others who freindship seal in Wine,
 Are kindly kill'd by Drinking,
 And some are Wreck'd on the *Indian Coast*,
 Thither by gain invited,
 Others in smoke of Battel lost,
 Whom Drums not Lutes Delighted.

III

Alas ! how poorly these Depart !
 Their Graves still unattended,
 Who Dye not with a broken Heart,
 Are not in love Commended.

CANT. IX.

I.

MEL meum ! Moriar vesperi !
 Vel risu non obstante !
 Sed jam Cedamus Tempori,
 Nemine adversante !
 Tum Fronte caperata sis,
 Ut modus pereundi,
 Etiam si vitæ quàm gravis,
 Sit Emulatio Mundi.

II.

Quidam ut artes Calleant,
 Tabescunt meditando,
 Alii, quos vina glutinant,
 Vanescunt e potando :
 Alii cis Indos naufragi,
 Quos Lucrum invitabat,
 Alii in bello sunt Cæsi,
 Quos Lyra non fuvabat.

III.

Quàm miserè emigrant hi !
 Exequiis priuati !
 Cordolio demortui
 Amori magis grati :

Redolet

His memory is ever sweet,
 All praise and pittie moveing,
 Who bravely at his mistress Feet,
 Can Dye with over Loving.

IV.

And now thou frown'st and now I Dye,
 My Corps by lovers Follow'd,
 Which straight shall by Dead lovers Lye,
 For that ground's only Hallow'd.
 If Priests take't ill I have a Grave,
 My Death not well approving,
 The Poets mine Estate shall have,
 To teach the art of Loving.

V.

Then every where they'll ring the Bells,
 For thy poor youth Departed,
 Who every other else Excells
 That is not broken Hearted :
 Virgins on me their Flowers shall strew,
 But if thy teares Fall near them,
 They'll so excell in scent, and shew,
 Thy self will shortly wear them.

VI.

Such Flowers how much will *Flora* Prize,
 Which near a Lover growing,
 Will watered be by Mistress Eyes,
 With Pitty overflowing :

A Grave

*Redolet ejus memoria,
 Omnium Complexum movens,
 Presentè qui Amiculâ,
 Pessum eat Demoriens.*

IV.

*Te Caperante, morior,
 Funantibus Amafis,
 Juxta quos intumulabor,
 His Bustis Consecratis,
 Si grave sacerdotibus,
 Mortem non probaturis,
 Legatum dedam vatibus,
 Amores edocturis.*

V.

*Campanæ detur sonitus,
 Pro Juvene Defuncto,
 Qui præest aliis omnibus,
 Cum corde non disjuncto,
 Sternar Virgineis Floribus,
 Si vero Lachrimâris,
 Præcellent sic Odoribus
 Ut ipsis te ornâris.*

VI.

*Flores Flora quanti ducet,
 Prope procum Crescentes,
 Amicula quos imbuet,
 Per Lachrimas Fluentes?*

D

Tale

A Grave thus deckt will (though thou art,
 Yet fearful to come nigh me,)
 Invite thee straight to break thine Heart,
 And ly down boldly by me.

VII.

Then every where the Bells shall Ring;
 Whilst all to black is Turning,
 And every where all Quires shall Sing,
 As natures self were Mourning.
 Yet we hereafter shall be Found,
 By Destinies night Placeing,
 Making (like Flowers) love under Ground,
 Whose Roots are still Embracing.

S O N G X.

I.

Prethee be blith ! sit not so Sadly, (Badly,
 Troth! this dull-humour makes thee look
 Lov'st thou thy Friend, take this Canary,
 Sweet Dispositions seldom should Vary,
 Poor Soul ! alas !
 He wants his Glafs ;
 Here is it
 That Sharpes the wit,
 And makes us Cheary.

*Tale sepulcrum (quamvis sis,
 Adhuc nolens adire)
 Movebit te fraetis fibris,
 Audenter Deperire.*

VII.

*Tum Campanæ resonabunt,
 Omni re nigricante,
 Omnesq; Chori cantabunt,
 Naturâ lachrymante;
 At olim apparebimus,
 A fatis, sic locati
 Ut flores, genialibus,
 Radicibus ligati.*

C A N T. X.

I.

Hilaris esto ! nè mæstus sis !
*Gravis hic humor os parit triste,
 Amabò bibas hoc generosum,
 Non decet quenquam esse morosum.
 Væ misero !
 (Demp̃to mero !)
 Facit nos,
 Disertos
 Vinum Focosum.*

II.

One ounce of Myrth's worth ten of moaning,
 There's little joy or pleasure in groaning,
 Hast thou spent all the Cash in thy Pocket ?
 Or hast a Member not well in Socket ?

Thoughts of this kind
 Put out of mind !
 Dost not ken,
 Gentlemen
 Must Bouze and Smoak it ?

III.

'Tis to the King ! take off the Bowl-full,
 And be thou rather Drunken than Dolefull.
 From a good Health let's never be shrinking,
 We do not purpose pay it with thinking.

Pox on this Vein !
 Let's quaff amain !
 Let not Wine
 Fall and pine
 For want of Drinking.

IV.

If Melancholly make a parition,
 Oh ! let the Vintner be thy Physician.
 If thou perceive a troublesome motion,
 Take off thy Sack, for that's the best Potion.

And

II.

*Uncia salis stat decem doloris,
 Parum fert gaudii quicquid mæroris,
 Si exhausti totum Argentum,
 Aut male sartum sit tibi, membrum.*

*Curas istas,
 Rejicias,
 Omnibus,
 Gentibus,
 Nunc est bibendum.*

III.

*Vive le Roy ! ebibas totum !
 Potius quam tristem facias te potum.
 Bonam salutem non fugiamus,
 Mentem vexare non designamus,*

*Væ tristibus !
 Bibonibus,
 Fit Vinum
 Marcidum
 Nisi bibamus.*

IV.

*Si Bilis-atra predominetur,
 Oenopola pro medico detur.
 Si concepisti turbidum motum,
 Vinum sumas ut optimam potum.*

And when th'art in,
 Ne're fear thy skin !
 Rather than
 Want a dram,
 Gives an whole Ocean.

S O N G XI.

I.

Fortune is blind
 And Beaury unkind,
 The Devil take them both !
 One is a Witch,
 And t'other's a Bitch,
 In neither's Faith or Troth:
 There's hazard in hap,
 Deceit in a Lap,
 But no fraud in a Brimmer ;
 If truth in the bottom Lye,
 Thence to redeem her,
 We'll drain a whole Ocean dry.

II.

Honour's a Toy,
 For Fools a Decoy,
 Beset with care and fear ;
 And that (I wufs)
 Kills many a Pufs
 Before her clymacht year :

But

*Cumq; ineàs
 Nil timeas
 Si non dat
 Tibi sat
 Da Mare totum.*

C A N T. XI.

I.

*S*Ors sine visu,
 Formaq; Risu
 Sint pro Dæmone !
 Hæc malefica,
 Ita venefica,
 Fallax utraq;
 Sors mera est Fors,
 Sinúsq; vecors,
 Sed fraus nulla ; tu toto
 In Fundo si veritas sit
 Potu Epoto,
 Oceanus ficcus fit.

II.

*Honor est lusus,
 Stultis illus
 Curâ Catenatâ
 Hæcq; (ut fatur)
 Catus necatur,
 Morte non paratâ :*

D 4

Dum

But Freedom and Mirth,
 Create a new Birth,
 While Sack's the *Aqua Vitæ*
 That Vigour and Spirit gives
 Liquor Almighty !
 Whereby the poor Mortal lives.

III.

Let us be blyth
 In spight of Death's Sythe !
 And with an Heart and half
 Drink to our Friends,
 And think of no ends,
 But keep us sound and safe ;
 While Healths do go round
 No Malady's found,
 The Maw sick in the Morning,
 For want of it's wonted strain,
 Is as a warning,
 To double it over again.

IV.

Let us maintain
 Our Traffique with *Spain*
 And both the *Indies* flight;
 Give us their Wines,
 Let them keep theit Mines,
 We'l pardon Eighty Eight;

There's

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*Dum vero Græcamur,
Non Renovamur
Nam, Aqua vitæ, vinum,
Vires, spiritusq; dat,
Idq; dicunum,
A morte nos Elevat.*

III.

*Jam simus læti,
Spretâ vi lethi,
Cordatissime !
Ut Combibones
(Non ut Gnathones)
Saxti-tectique :
Dum Poculæ Spument,
Morbi absument :
Ac, manè, Corpus Onustum,
Præ alienatione,
Acuit Gustum,
Pro Iteratione.*

IV.

*Perstet, quotannis,
Merx cum Hispanis
India sit sola !
Vinum, præbeant !
Aurum teneant !
Absit spinola*

Sunt

There's more certain Wealth
Secur'd from stealth

In one Pipe of Canary,
Than in an unfortunate Isle :

Let us be wary,
We do not our selves beguile.

S O N G XII.

I.

L Ove is a Bauble ;
No man is able
To say, it is *This*, or 'tis *That* :
An idle Passion,
Of such a fashion,
'Tis like I cannot tell what.

II.

Fair in the Cradle,
Foul in the Saddle,
Always too cold, or too hot ;
An errant Lyar,
Fed by desire ;
It is, and yet it is not.

*Sunt opes, pro certo,
 Magis à furto,
 In vini potione,
 Quam Terra Incognitâ
 Pro cautione
 Ne nobis fit subdola.*

C A N T. XII.

I.

A Mor est Pegma ;
 Merum Enigma,
 Quid sit nemo detegat ;
 Vejana Passio,
 Cui nulla ratio,
 Parem natura negat.

II.

*Cunis, formosus ;
 Sellâ Cœnosus,
 Calor, aut frigiditas ;
 Furens Libido,
 Dicta Cupido,
 Est, & non est entitas.*

III. Amor

III.

Love is a Fellow
 Clad all in yellow,
 The Canker-worm of the mind;
 A privy mischief,
 And such a fly Thief,
 No man knows where him to find.

IV.

Love is a Wonder;
 'Tis *here*, and 'tis *yonder*,
 'Tis common to all men, we know;
 A very Cheater,
 Ev'ry ones better;
 Then hang him, and let him go.

S O N G XIII:

I.

I Love my Love, she not me,
 Because I am so poor:
 But, poor or rich, she hath my heart,
 And shall have evermore.

III.

*Amor amafius,
Totus filaceus,
Est Eruca animi;
Deditus malis
Ac prædo, qualis,
Non inventus ullibi.*

IV.

*Hic & ubiq;
Compar utriq;
Ad stuporem agitat:
Nullus deterior,
Quovis superior,
In malam rem abeat.*

 C A N T. XIII.

I.

*A Micam Amo, non redamet,
Inopiæ gratiâ;
Utcunq; fiet cor habet,
Etiam in secula.*

El. Adis.

II.

I went unto my true Loves Gate,
And knocked at the Ring ;
So ready was my own, her self,
To rise, and let me in.

III.

I looked in my true Loves face,
Methought she seem'd but wan ;
I took her in mine arms so wide,
And carry'd her to bed agen.

IV.

Where all the fore-part of the night
Together close we lay,
And all the latter-part of the night
She slept in mine arms till day.

V.

But cursed be that little *Tirry-Cock*
That crow'd in the morning so soon;
I thought it had been the dawning of the day,
When 'twas but the light of the Moon.

VI. Then

II.

*Adibam Charæ Posticum,
Pulsatum anuulum;
Assurgit ipsa acturum
Ut intrem clanculum.*

III.

*Inspexi faciem Amantis,
Ut visam pallidam;
Exetnsiscæpi brachiis,
Portare ad lectulam.*

IV.

*Ubi per noctem mediam
Imus concubitus;
Ac ibi pernoctaveram
Usq; ad diluculum.*

V.

*Væ autem tibi Gallule,
Præ gallicinio;
Nocti-lucam putabam esse,
Pro conticinio.*

VI. *Indutis*

VI.

Then up I rose, and donn'd my Cloaths,
 And walk'd it over the Plain;
 Wishing my self on my true Loves Bed,
 And her in mine arms again.

S O N G XIV.

I.

I Am a cunning Constable,
 And a bag of Warrants I have here,
 To press sufficient Men, and able,
 At *Horn-Castle* to appear;
 But now-a-days they're grown so cunning,
 That hearing of this Martial strife,
 They all away from hence are running;
Where I miss the Man, I'll press the Wife.

II.

Ho! who's at home? Lo! here am I!
 Good morrow, Neighbour. *Welcom, Sir.*
 Where is your Husband? *Why truly*
He's gone abroad, a Journey far.
 Do you not know when he comes back?
 See how these Cowards fly for life!

The

VI.

*Indutis ergo vestibus,
Planum obambulo;
Optans illam amplexibus,
Ac me in lectulo.*

CANT. XIV.

I.

A *Stutus Constabularius,
Mandata gero in tergore,
Cincturos evocaturus,
Cornu-Castello affore :
At hodiè adeò sapiunt,
Auditâ lite Bellicâ,
Omnes abhinc profugiant ;
Virum supplebit Fœmina.*

II.

*Ecquisnam domi ? En ego !
Salve. Sis salvus, Domine.
Ubinam Vir est ? Haud nego,
Procul abest in itinere.
Nam es ignara reditus ?
Ut fugiunt pro tutamine !*

E

Non

The King for Souldiers must not lack ;
If I miss the Man, I'll take the Wife.

III.

Shew me by what Authority
You do it? Pray, Sir, let me know.
 It is sufficient for to see,
The Warrant hangs in bag below.
Then pull it out, if it be strong,
With you I will not stand at strife.
 My Warrant is as broad as long ;
If I miss the Man, I'll press the Wife.

IV.

Now you have prest me, and are gone,
Please you, but let me know your name,
That when my Husband he comes home,
I may declare to him the same.
 My name is Captain Ward, I say, .
 I ne'r fear'd man in all my life :
 The King for Souldiers must not stay ;
Missing the Man, I'll press the Wife.

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*Non egeat Rex Militibus ;
Viros supplebunt Fœminæ.*

III.

*Hæc quo Guaranto factitas,
Ambò dicas, Domine?
Sufficiat ut videas,
Quod pendet Abdomine,
Educas, si vim habeat,
Tecum nolam certamina.
Pro ratione, voluntas stat ;
Virum supplebit Fœmina.*

IV.

*Compressâ me, ituro te,
Si placet, reddas nomina,
Sic ut reverso conjuge,
Illi declarem omnia.
Ward ducor Capitaneus ;
Sat notus pro magnanime :
Non egeat Rex milibus ;
Viros supplebunt Fœminæ.*

S O N G X V.

I.

Come, dear heart, and let us dally
 Underneath the shady Tree :
 Why should'st thou stand shall I? shall I?
 When there's no man here to see?

II

He was full of amorous sporting,
 Being in a lusty Vein :
 She took it for his way of Courting,
 And gave him kifs for kifs again.

III.

Ah! ah! ah! thou wilt undo me,
 Oh! so vile and rude you are :
 Yet I cannot choose but love thee,
 'Cause thou cam'st to me so far.

IV.

Love to me was but a stranger,
 Fearing lest I might be slain :
 But now, I see there is no danger,
 Come and kifs me once again.

V. Her

CANT. XV.

I.

A Dsis (Chara) jam Ludamus,
 Subter fagi tegmine,
 Quorsum dicis hinc Eamus,
 In præsenti nemine.

II.

Hic tum præ Amore demens,
 Id quod vocas effudit,
 Modo pro Amore tenens
 Hæc, par pari retulit.

III.

Ah! Ah! me vis spoliare,
 Cùm tam Inurbanus,
 Nequeo tamèn non Amare,
 Quòd Perlongè his adfisi

IV.

Amor erat Alienus,
 Trucidandi gratia,
 Verùm cùm fit tam Amæus,
 Oscula hæc itera.

E 3

V. Calceis.

V.

Her Shoes were of the *Spanish* fashion,
 Her Stockins of that Countrey Silk,
 The like there were not in the Nation ;
 Her Smock was whiter than the Milk.

SONG XVI.

I.

THere was a *London* Gentlewoman
 That lov'd a Countrey man, a ;
 And she did desire his company
 A little now and than, a. *Fa, la, &c.*

II.

This man he was a Hemp-dresser,
 And dressing was his Trade, a ;
 And he doth kiss the Mistress, Sir,
 And now and then the Maid, a. *Fa, la, &c.*

III.

He took up her Petty-coat,
 And would take up her Smock, a ;
 And went unto the Parlor-door,
 That he her Hemp might knock, a. *Fa, la, &c.*

IV. He

V.

*Calceis se Hispania Natis,
Nec non soccis Induit ;
Cruribiq; serecatis,
Lac supparus præfuit.*

C A N T. XVI.

I.

L Ondini erat Herilla,
Quæ Rusticum amavit,
Consuetudinem & illa
Non nunquam exoptavit. Fa, la, &c.

II.

*Erat hic Cumabaceus,
Quo nomine vocatur ;
Et Dominam ut amansus,
Et Servam osculatur. Fa, la, &c.*

III.

*Tunicam hic sustulit,
Subuculam tacturus,
Se ad conclave contulit,
Camabum pulsaturus. Fa, la, &c.*

E 4

IV. Mal

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IV.

He held up his Boitle then,
 And she set down the Block, a ;
 And there he fell to work indeed,
 With knick a knack, knick a knack, knock, a.
Fa, la, &c.

SONG XVII.

I.

Sitting beyond a River-side,
Parthenia thus to *Cloe* cry'd,
 While from the fair Nymphs eyes apace
 Another stream o'r-clouds her beauteous Face,
 Happy Nymph is she that can
 So little trust to faithless man.

II.

Oft the perfidious things would cry,
 They love, they bleed, they burn, they die :
 But if they're absent half a day,
 Nay, if they stay but one poor hour away,
 No more they die, no more complain,
 But, like unconstant Wretches, live again.

IV.

*Malleolum hic obtulit,
 Hæc Truncum allocavit;
 Hic ad pulsandum appulit,
 Et ictus iteravit. Fa, la, &c.*

CANT. XVII.

I.

D*um juxta Ripam assidet,
 Parthenia Cloen sic monet,
 Ut, ut, ab ejus lumine
 Majus defluxit flumen flumine:
 Fælix est Nympha, utpote
 Illæsa, ab infido homine.*

II.

*Falsiloqui sæpe dicunt,
 Quod amant, ardent, pereunt;
 Sin dialis absentia,
 Detur, vel hora vix præteritâ,
 Haud deferunt, haud obeunt,
 At inconstantes rediuvivi sunt.*

CANT.

SONG XVIII.

I.

Would God it were Holy-day,
Hey derry down, down derry;
 That with my Love I might go play,
 With oh ! my heart is merry :
 My whole delight
 Is in her sight :

*Would God I had her Company, her Company,
 Hey down down, derry derry down.*

II.

My Love is fine, my Love is fair,
Hey derry down, &c.
 No Maid may well with her compare
 In *Kent* or *Canterbury* ;
 From her my Love
 Shall ne'r remove :
Would God I had, &c.

III.

To see her laugh, to see her smile,
Hey derry down, &c.
 Doth all my sorrows quite beguile,
 And makes my heart full merry ;

CANT. XVIII.

I.

A *H! veniat dies Festiva,*
Fa, la, la, la. Fa, la.
Ut mecum ludat Amica,
Nam mens est contristata :
Absunt à me
Deliciæ:
Privato hâc à Comite, à Comite,
Fa, la, la, la. Fa, la.

II.

Pulchella est Amicula,
Fa, la, &c.
Præ quâ, non talis Fœmina
Kantiô vel Cantuariâ ;
Zelo usq;
Prosequar Te :
O sis mihi pro Comite, &c.

III.

Quando subrident labia,
Fa, la, &c.
Statim aufugiunt tristia,
Cordiq; subeunt gaudia ;

Absunt

No grief doth grow
Where she doth go :
Would God I had, &c.

I V.

When I do meet her on the Green,
Aey derry down, &c.
Methinks she looks like Beauties Queen,
Which makes my heart full merry;
Then I her greet
With kisses sweet :
Would God I had, &c.

V.

My Love comes not of churlish kind,
Hey derry down, &c.
But bears a loving courteous mind,
Which makes my heart full merry;
She is not coy,
She is my Joy :
Would God I had, &c.

V I.

Till *Sunday* comes, farewell, my Dear,
Hey derry down, &c.
When we do meet, we'll make good Cheer,
And then we will be merry.

If

(61)

*Absunt curæ
Præsente Te :*

O sis mihi pro Comite, &c.

IV.

In Plano cum sis ovia,

Fa, la, &c.

Par Veneris mihi visa,

Mentem exhilarata ;

Tunc properè

Oscular Te :

O sis mihi Comite, &c.

V.

Non es de gente barbara,

Fa, la, &c.

Puella sed benevola,

Corculum hilarata ;

Non tædit me,

Amiculæ,

Exultantem in Comite, &c.

VI.

Jam valeas Animula,

Fa, la, &c.

Usq; ad diem sis Sola,

Tunc mecum seciat.

Sin

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If thou love me,
 I will love Thee,
*And still delight thy Company, thy Company,
 Hey down down, derry derry down.*

SONG XIX.

I.

A Pretty Jest I will you tell,
 O'th' guelding of the Devil of Hell.
 There was a Baker of *Mansfield* Town,
 To *Nottingham* Market he was bound;
 And riding under a Willow there,
 The Baker sung with a lusty cheer.

II.

The Baker's Horse was plump and sound,
 And worth, in judgment, full five pound;
 His skin was smooth, his flesh was fat,
 His Master was well pleas'd thereat,
 And therefore sings so merrily,
 As he was riding on the way.

III.

But as he rode over the Hill,
 There meeting with the Devil of Hell.
 Oh Baker, Baker! then cry'd he,
 How came thy Horse so fat to be?
 These be the words the Baker did say
Because his Stones are cut away.

IV. Then,

*Sin ames me,
Amabo Te,
Exoptans te pro Comite, pro Comite,
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la.*

CANT. XIX.

I.

H*Ocerit vobis Foculo,
De castrante Diabolo,
Mansfieldiæ Panificus
Notinghamam aditurus,
Equisessor sub Arbore,
Cantabat evax! evaxe!*

II.

*Pistoris equus viguit
Et quinq; pondo valuit;
In cute planus, carne plenus,
Et aspectu quam amænus,
Cantiq; Pistor (nemine
Obstante) in itinere.*

III.

*At super Montem properans,
Inferno diti obvians;
Heus Pistor! ait Diabolus,
Quo modo pinguet Equulus?
A quo hæc verba facta sunt,
Testes illi deficiunt.*

IV. *Tam*

I V.

Then, quoth the Devil, if it be so,
 Thou shalt gueld me before thou go :
 First, tie thy Horse to yonder Tree,
 And be thou ready to gueld me.
 The Baker had a knife for th' nones,
 Wherewith to cut out th' Devils stones.

V.

The Baker, as it came to pass,
 In hast alighted from his Horse ;
 And as the Devil on's back did lay,
 The Baker cut his Stones away ;
 Which put the Devil to great pain,
 And made him to cry out amain.

VI.

Oh ! quoth the Devil, beshrew thy heart !
 Thou dost not feel how I do smart ;
 And for the Deed that thou hast done,
 I will revenged be agen ;
 And underneath this Green-wood-Tree
 Next Market-day I will gueld thee.

VII.

The Baker then but little said,
 But at his heart was sore afraid,
 And longer there he would not stay,
 But he rode home another way ;
 And coming to his Wife, did tell
 How he had guelt the Devil of Hell.

VIII. More-

IV.

*Tum Dæmon ait, Sic stante re,
Statim Eunuchi zabis me ;
Equum affigens salici,
Accinctus esto operi.
Erant Pistori smilia,
Emasculandi gratiâ.*

V.

*Panifex ut evenerat,
Ex Equo desilierat,
Et Satanas supinatus,
Est à Pistore castratus,
Quo conflictatus dolore,
Multo boavit clamore.*

VI.

*Ab ! pereas, ait Diabolus,
Haud percipis cruciatus ;
Ac eo quod Castraris Me,
Vindicta usq; sequar Te ;
Et hic sub fugi tegmine,
Propediem evirabere.*

VII.

*Tunc Panifex obmutuit,
Panice vero timuit ;
Diutius stare noluit,
Seq; alio Domum contulit,
Et Uxori narraverat,
Quod Dæmona castraverat.*

VIII.

Moreover, to his Wife he told
 Athing which made her heart full cold:
 A grievous word as he did say,
 That he'd gueld me next Market-day:
 To whom quoth Goodwife, without doubt,
 I'd rather both your eyes were out.

IX.

For then all people far and near
 That knows thee will both mock and jeer,
 And good Wives they will scoff and brawl,
 And itoneless Guelding will thee call:
 Then hold content, and be thou wise,
 And I'll some pretty trick devise.

X.

I'll make the Devil change his Note,
 Do thou but lend to me thy Coat,
 Thy Hose and Doublet eke also,
 And I like to thy self will go,
 And warrant thee next Market-day
 To fright the Devil quite away.

XI.

The Bakers Wife thus being drest,
 With Market-bread upon her Beast,
 She goes to *Nottingham* brave Town,
 To sell her Bread, both white and brown;
 And as she rode over the Hill,
 She met there with two Devils of Hell.

VIII.

*Necnon Uxori dixerat,
Quod ei cordi fuerat ;
Sermonem scilicet durum,
Se sorti me execturum :
Cui Uxor proculdubio,
Mallem te absq; oculo.*

IX.

*Ultro citròq; populo,
Vulgabitur pro ioculo,
Matronæ etiam jocabunt,
Ao te spadonem vocabunt :
Tunc age, & sis contentus,
Eritq; lusus inventus.*

X.

*Mutabit Dis sententiam,
Des mutuo mihi Tunicam,
Bravas, Vestem, cum Galero,
Ac tibi similisero,
Erisq; foro proximo,
Securus à Diabolo.*

XI.

*In modum hunc convestita,
Pistrix cum re foraria,
It Nottinghamium oppidum,
Utrumq; Panem venditum ;
Ac Montanâ in semitâ,
Diabolis fit obvia.*

XII.

A little Devil and another,
 As they played both together :
 Oh ! quoth one of them, right fain,
 Here comes the Baker on amain ;
 And be thou well, or be thou wo,
 I will gueld thee before thou go.

XIII.

The Bakers Wife to th' Devil did say,
 Sir, I was guelded yesterday.
 Oh ! quoth the Devil, I mean to see,
 Pulling her Coats up to the knee :
 So looking upward from the ground,
 Oh ! there he spy'd a terrible wound.

XIV.

Ah ! quoth the Devil, now I see
 He was not cunning guelded thee ;
 For when he had cut out thy Stones,
 He should have closed up the wounds :
 But if thou'lt stay a little space,
 I'll fetch some Salve to cure the place.

XV.

He had gone but a little way,
 When up her Belly creapt a Flea :
 The little Devil seeing that,
 He with his paw did giv't a pat :
 Which made the Goodwife for to start,
 And out she let a rowzing Fart.

*Duobus putà ditibus,
Inter se colludentibus :
Unus è queis ait liberè,
En Pistor venit properè,
Sis tristis, aut sis hilaris,
Statim à me castraberis.*

XIII.

*Tum Pistrix, O Diabole,
Castrabar ego pridie :
Ut videam, ait Diabolus,
Prensis ad genu Vestibus ;
Suspiciensq; ab humo,
En vulnus grave à culo.*

XIV.

*Ah, Dis ait, tui castrator,
Iners erat Operator ;
Nàm ex testiculato te,
Debebat cutem suere ;
Hic maneat modo paululum,
Ac petam pro te pharmacum. :*

XV.

*Procul abhinc non aberat,
Quin ventrem Pulex scanderat ;
Quem quando Dæmon viderat,
Et ungula tetigerat,
Id Fæminæ fit trepidum,
Præ quo emisit crepitum.*

XVI.

O! quoth the Devil, thy life's not long,
 Thy breath it smells so wondrous strong;
 Then go thy way, and make thy will,
 This wound is past all humane skill:
 Begone, be gone, make no delay,
 For here no longer shalt thou stay.

XVII.

The Goodwife at this News was glad,
 And left the Devil almost mad;
 And when she to her Husband came,
 She gladly told to him the same,
 How she had couzen'd the Devil of Hell,
 So for to make a Jest full well.

S O N G XX.

I.

YOU Rural Goddesses,
 That Woods and Fields possess,
 Assist me with your skill,
 That may direct my Quill
 More jocundly to express
 The mirth and delight,
 Both morning and night,
 On Mountain, or in Dale,
 Of them who choose
 This Trade to use,

And

*Dis ait, En mors est prevalens,
 Halitus & grave olens;
 Da si quid est donabile,
 Hoc non est medicabile.
 Hinc, hinc, nil moræ dabitur,
 Haud ultra crastinabitur.*

*Hoc novi cordi fuerat,
 Ditemq; in sanum fugerat,
 Ac domum quando venerat,
 Id viro notum fecerat,
 Se illusam Diabolo,
 Ut postea fiet jocuto.*

CANT. XX.

I.

R*Urales vos Deæ,
 Queis Agri sunt curæ,
 Cæptis aspirate,
 Mihiq; afflate
 Fecundus dicere
 Quot cupidines,
 Noctes & dies,
 In Monte ac Valle,
 Sunt illis quæ
 Lactariæ,*

(72)

And through cold Dews
Do never refuse
To carry the Milking Pail.

II.

The bravest Lasses gay,
Live not so merry as they ;
In honest civil fort
They make each other sport,
As they trudge on the way :
Come fair or foul weather,
They're fearful of neither,
Their Courages never quail :
In wet and dry,
Though winds be high,
And dark the Sky,
They ne'r deny
To carry the Milking Pail.

III.

Their hearts are free from care ;
They never do despair,
Whatever do befall,
They bravely bear out all,
And Fortunes frowns out-dare.
They pleasantly sing
To welcom the Spring,
'Gainst Heav'n they never rail.
If Grass will grow,
Their thanks they shew,
And Frost or Snow,
They merrily go
Along with the Milking Pail.

IV. Base

Rorariæ
 Quam hilare
 Transvehunt Mulctrale.

II.

Formosæ Puellæ,
 Non adeo sunt bellæ,
 Honesto in modo,
 Alterno pro Joco,
 Ludunt in itinere :
 Sit Æther serenus,
 Aut nubibus plenus,
 Animis elatæ ;
 Hæ ambulant,
 Dum venti flant,
 Et nimbos dant,
 Nunquam negant
 Transvehere Mulctrale.

III.

Curæ non molestant
 Nec unquam desperant,
 Quæcunq; accidunt,
 Magnanime ferunt,
 Adversa q; tolerant :
 Dulce resonant,
 Ver concelebrant,
 De Cælo nil male :
 Si res crescunt,
 Grates agunt,
 Dum nives sunt ,
 Non contemnunt,
 Transvehere Mulctrale.

IV.

Base idleness they do scorn,
 They rise very early i'th' morn,
 And walk into the Fields,
 Where pretty Birds do yield
 Brave Musick on ev'ry Thorn:
 The Linnet and Thrush
 Do sing on each Bush,
 And the dulcid Nightingale
 Her Note doth strain,
 In a jocund vain
 To entertain
 That worthy Train
 Which carry the Milking Pail.

V.

Their labour doth health preserve,
 No Doctors rules they observe,
 While others too nice
 In taking their advice,
 Look always as if they would starve :
 Their meat is digested,
 They ne'r are molested,
 No sickness doth them assail ;
 Their time is spent
 In merriment,
 While Limbs are lent
 They are content,
 To carry the Milking Pail.

VI. Those

*Otium est odio,
 Surgant matutino,
 Campestris coeunt,
 Dum aves recinunt,
 Quocunq; in Spineto:
 Acanthis, Turdus,
 Dumis omnibus,
 Luscinia & pulchra,
 Resonorant,
 Dum cantitant,
 Ut gaudeant,
 Quæ ambulant
 Circuitum cum Multra.*

V.

*Sudando sanæ sunt,
 Nec Medice vivunt,
 Dum nimium molles
 Necnon consultrices,
 Continuo macescunt:
 Cibi digeruntur,
 Nunquam consternuntur,
 Nec se habent male:
 At senescunt
 Ac lætæ sunt,
 Dum res sinunt
 Non contemnunt
 Transvehere Multrale.*

VI.

Those Lasses nice and strange,
 That keep shops in the *Change*,
 Sit pricking of Clouts,
 And giving of flouts,
 They seldom abroad do range:
 Then comes the Green-sickness,
 And changeth their likeness,
 All this is for want of good sale;
 But 'tis not so,
 As proof doth show,
 By them that go
 In Frost and Snow
 To carry the Milking Pail.

VII.

If they any Sweethearts have
 That do their affections crave,
 Their priviledge is this,
 Which many others miss,
 They can give them welcom brave :
 With them they walk,
 And pleasantly talk,
 With a Bottle of Wine or Ale ;
 The gentle Cow
 Doth them allow,
 As they know how,
 God speed the Plough,
 And 'bless the Milking Pail.

VIII. Upon

(77)

VI.

*Nugiparæ Fæminæ,
In Emporio sitæ,
Hæ lina consuunt,
Et jocos faciunt,
Non foris ituræ ;
Tunc icteris subit,
Unde forma fugit,
Pro malignitate :
Non ægrotant,
Ut approbant,
Quæ ambulant
Ut exponant
Ostiatim Mulctrale.*

VII.

*Si Procos habeant,
Illas qui postulant,
Cum privilegio,
Aliis incognito,
Placentes ministrant :
Foras ambulando,
Inter se jocando,
Sat Vini aut Alæ ;
Oxygala dant
Ut combibant,
Uti norant ;
Benè Cedant,
Et Vomer & Mulctrale.*

VIII. *Ad*

B. 2471

VIII.

Upon the first of *May*,
 With Garland fresh and gay,
 With Mirth and Musick sweet,
 For such a season meet,
 They pass their time away :
 They dance away sorrow,
 And all the day thorow
 Their legs do never fail ;
 Yet they nimbly
 Their feet do ply,
 And bravely try
 The Victory,
 In honour o'th' Milking Pail.

IX.

If any think that I
 Do practice Flattery,
 In seeking thus to raise
 The merry Milk-maids praise,
 I'll to them thus reply,
 It is their Desert
 Inviteth my Art
 To study this pleasant Tale,
 In their defence,
 Whose Innocence
 And Providence
 Gets honest Pence
 Out of the Milking Pail.

Ad Maii Calendas,
Sertis Coronatas,
Dilectant Musicæ,
Tempestivissimæ
Traducunt ut horulas :
Curas abigunt,
Luci saliunt,
Nec fallit crurale ;
Ast agiles
Sunt pedestres,
Ut indies
Sint Victrices,
Transvehere Mulctrale.

IX.

Si quis putaret me
Gnathonem fuisse,
Navando operam
Ut illas Efferam :
Hoc dicam aut simile,
Bene meruere
Musamq; movere
Ad hoc qualequale,
Ut defensas,
Conservem has,
Inoffensas,
Queis expensas
Contribuit Mulctrale.

S O N G XXI.

C H E V Y - C H A S E .

By Order of the Bishop of *London*.

I.

GOD prosper long our Noble King,
 our lives and safeties all,
 A woful hunting once there did
 in *Chevy-Chase* befall.

II.

To drive the Deer with Hound & Horn
 Earl *Piercy* took his way ;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 the hunting of that day.

III.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
 a vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the *Scottish* Woods
 three Summers days to take.

IV.

The chieftest Harts in *Chevy-Cafe*
 to kill and bear away ;
 These tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
 in *Scotland*, where he lay.

V.

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,
 he would prevent his Sport :
 The *English* Earl, not fearing this,
 did to the Woods resort.

VI. With

CANT. XXIX.

Lucus Chevinus, *Jussu Episcopi Londinensis.*

I.

Vivat Rex noster nobilis,
 Omnis in tuto sit,
 Venatus, olim flebilis,
 Chevino Luco sit.

II.

Cane, feras ut abigat,
 Percæus abiit,
 Vel embryo elugeat,
 Quod hodiè accidit.

III.

Comes ille Northumbriæ,
 Votum vovit Deo,
 Lusus, in sylvis Scotiæ
 Habere triduo.

IV.

E primis Cervis Cheviæ,
 Cæsos abripere,
 Duglasium, hæ notitiæ,
 Adibant properè.

V.

Qui ore tenus delegat,
 Se Ludum perdere,
 At Percæus non hæsitat
 Ad sylvas tendere.

G

VI. *Quin*

V.I.

With fifteen hundred Bowe-men bold,
all chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
to aim their Shafts aright.

III.

The gallant Grey-hounds swiftly ran,
to chase the fallow Deer;
On *Monday* they began to hunt,
when day-light did appear.

VIII.

And long before high-noon they had
an hundred fat Bucks slain:
Then having din'd, the Drovers went
to rouse them up again.

IX.

The Bowe-men mustred on the Hills,
well able to endure;
Their back-sides all with special care
that day were guarded sure.

X.

The Hounds ran swiftly through the Woods,
the nimble Deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
an Eccho shrill did make.

XI.

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
to view the tender Deer:
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
this day to meet me here.

XII. But

IV.

*Quin genis ter teliferis,
Virtutis bellicæ
Qui nôrunt, rebus arduis,
Sagittas mittere.*

VIL

*Curritur a Venatico,
Damas propellere,
Die Lunæ diluculo,
Ad rem accingunt se.*

VIII.

*Centúmque; Cervi sunt Cæsi,
Ante meridiem,
Tunc redeunt, Cibis impleti
Ad venationem.*

IX:

*De monte sagittarii
Apti militiæ,
Prodiêrunt Armarii,
Hodiè a Tergore.*

X.

*Per sylvas celerant Canes,
Ut Cervos capiant;
Ac simul montes, & valles
Latrata resonant.*

XI.

*Fædinam comes adiit,
Ferinam visere,
Duglas minatus est (inquit)
Hic mecum affore.*

XII.

But if I thought he would not come,
no longer would I stay.
With that a brave young Gentleman
thus to the Earl did say.

XIII.

Lo, yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
his men in Armour bright,
Full twenty hundred *Scotish* Spears,
all marching in our fight.

XIV.

All men of pleasant *Tividale*,
fast by the River *Tweed*.
Then cease your sport, E. *Piercy* said,
and take your Bowes with speed.

XV.

And now with me, my Countrey-men,
your courage forth advance;
For never was there Champion yet
in *Scotland* or in *France*,

XVI.

That ever did on Horse-back come,
but if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to break a Spear.

XVII.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white Steed,
most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
whose Armour shone like Gold.

XVIII. Shew

(85)

XII.

*Congressum autem desperans,
Mora non dabitur,
Quo dicto, Tyro Elegans,
Illum alloquitur.*

XIII.

*En ! En Duglasius eminus !
Armis cum splendidis,
Bis mille cum militibus,
Visui obviis.*

XIV.

*Cunctis de valle Tiviæ,
Ad Ripas Tuæsis,
Ludos (ait) intermittite,
Arcubus habitis.*

XV.

*Et vobis, nunc, O nostratis,
Tollatur animus ;
Haud præstò fuit Athletes,
Gallus vel Scoticus.*

XVI.

*Mihi, Equestris Obvius
Quin postulante re,
Eocum vellem Cominùs,
Vi, hasti-ludere.*

XVII.

*Equiſſor Duglasius,
Audax ille Baro,
Præfuit aliis omnibus,
Aurato Clipeo.*

G 3

XVIII. Cu-

D 2471

XVIII.

Shew me, he said, whose men you be
that hunt so boldly here,
That without my consent do chase
and kill my fallow Deer.

XIXI.

The man that first did answer make
was Noble *Piercy*, he,
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be.

XX.

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
the chiefest Harts to slay.
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn Oath,
and thus in rage did say ;

XXI.

E'r thus I will out-braved be,
one of us two shall die :
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

XXII.

But, trust me *Piercy*, pity it were,
and great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
for they have done no ill.

XXIII.

Let thou and I the Battle try,
and set our men aside :
Accurst be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
by whom it is deny'd.

XXIII. Then

XVIII.

*Cujates (ait) ostendite;
Hic ausi pellere,
Ac, me invito, impetè
Feras Occidere.*

XIX.

*Qui primus verbum ededit,
Percæus nomine,
Qui sumus (ait) non libuit,
Vobis ostendere.*

XX.

*At sanguinem¹ absumemus,
Servos destruere;
Juravit, tunc Duglasius,
Dixitque temere.*

XXI.

*E nobis pereet unus,
Antequam devincar,
Tu comes es, bene notus,
Egòq; tui par.*

XXII.

*At (si qua fides) est scelus,
(miserum !) perdere
Ullos, de his insontibus,
Immunes scelere.*

XXIII.

*Nosmet pugnemus cominus,
Viris absentibus,
Depereat (inquit) Percæus,
Huic adversarius.*

XXIV.

XXIV.

Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
 Who said, he would not have it told
 to *Henry* our King, for shame,

XXV.

That e'r my Captain fought on foot,
 and I stood looking on :
 You be two Earls, said *Witherington*,
 and I a'Squire alone.

XXVI.

I'll do the best that do I may,
 while I have power to stand ;
 While I have pow'r to weild my Sword
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

XXVII.

Our *English* Archers bent their Bowes,
 their hearts were good and true ;
 At the first flight of Arrows sent,
 full threescore *Scots* they slew.

XXVIII.

To drive the Deer with hound & horn
 Earl *Douglas* bad the bent ;
 A Captain mov'd with mickle pride,
 the Spears to shivers sent.

XXIX.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
 no slackness there was found,
 And many a gallant Gentleman
 lay gasping on the ground.

XXX. O

XXIV.

*Tunc Armiger exiluit,
Witherington nomine,
Regem (ait) scire noluit
Hoc, præ dedecore.*

XXV.

*Quod dux, pugnaverat, Pede,
Me stante obiter,
Vos duo estis comites
Ego (ait) Armiger.*

XXVI.

*Obnixè omne faciam
Dum stare dabitur,
Ac dum vibrare machæram
A me pugnabitur.*

XXVII.

*Angligeni tendunt Arcus,
Quàm Cordatissimj.
Decies sex a missilibus,
Cæduntur Scotici.*

XXVIII.

*Adversus feras sectantes,
Misit Duglasius
Torvum ducem, Dimicantes,
Tractis hastilibus.*

XXIX.

*Incincti sunt celeritè,
Parum Pigritiæ;
Multusq; jacet Belliger
Inanis animæ.*

XXX. Pol !

XXX.

O Christ! it was great grief to see,
and likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
and scattered here and there.

XXXI.

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
like Captains of great might;
Like Lions mov'd they laid on load,
and made a cruel fight.

XXXII.

They fought until they both did sweat
with Swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of Rain,
they trickling down did feel.

XXXIII.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* said,
in faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
by *James* our *Scotish* King.

XXXIV.

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
and thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious Knight
that ever I did see.

XXXV.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any *Scot*
that ever yet was born.

XXXVI. With

(91)

XXX.

*Pol ! Dolor erat visere,
Ac etiam audire,
Viros plangentes undique,
Perfusus sanguine.*

XXXI.

*Comites tandem Coibant,
Multo magnanime.
Instar Leonum feribant,
Truci Certamine.*

XXXII.

*Pugnârunt vel in sudare
Districtis ensibus,
Ac maduerunt Cruore
Æquè ac imbris.*

XXXIII.

*Ut dedas (ait) Duglasius
Te ducam subito,
Ubi eris præpositus,
A Rege Jacobo.*

XXXIV.

*Proh gratis redimam captum,
Et celebrabo te,
Equitem quàm magnificum
Et sive compare.*

XXXV.

*Cui Percæus ait minime !
Quod offers, respuo
Nollem unquam me dedere
Viventi Scotico!*

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

With that there came an Arrow keen
out of an *English* Bowe,
Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the heart,
a deep and deadly blow.

XXXVII.

Who never spoke more words than these
fight on my merry men all ;
For why my life is at an end,
Lord *Piercy* sees my fall.

XXXVIII.

Then leaving life, Earl *Piercy* took
the dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy life
would I had lost my land.

XXXIX.

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
with sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure a more renowned Knight
Such mischance did ever take.

XL.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
which saw Earl *Douglas* die,
And in his wrath did vow revenge
upon the Earl *Piercy*.

XLI.

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
who with a Spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
ran fiercely through the fight :

XLII. And

XXXVI.

Tunc est emissus calamus,
Ab arcu Anglico,
Quo fixus est Duglasius,
Heu ! tenus cerculo.

XXXVII.

Qui verba hæc emurmurat
Viri Contendite !
Quid ni mors mea propinquat
Spectante comite.

XXXVIII.

Tum Percæus Examini,
Manum it prendere,
Dicens causa Duglasi,
Se terras perdere.

XXXIX.

Vel cor (ait) fundit sanguinem,
Præ tui gratiâ,
Nam nunquam talem equitem,
Non novit noxia.

XL:

Miles decernens Scoticus,
Duglasium emorj,
In Percæum mortem ejus
Devovit ulcisci.

XLI.

Hugo de monte gomeri,
Hasta cum splendida,
Movit decursu celeri
Ferox per Agmina.

XLII

XLII.

And past the *English* Archers all,
without all dread or fear,
And through Earl *Piercy's* body then
he thrust his hateful Spear,

XLIII.

With such a vehement force & might
he did his body gore,
The Spear went through the other side
a large Cloth-yard and more.

XLIV.

So thus did both these Nobles die,
whose courage none could stain.
An *English* Archer then perceiv'd
the Noble Earl was slain :

XLV.

He had a Bowe bent in his hand,
made of a trusty Tree ;
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
up to the head drew he :

XLVI.

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
so right his shaft he set,
The grey-goose-wing that was thereon
in his heart blood was wet.

XLVII.

This fight did last from break of day,
till setting of the Sun ;
For when they rung the evening Bell,
the battle scarce was done.

XLVIII. With

*Præteriens sagitarios
Anglos impavide,
Percæjos Ventriculos
Foravit Cuspide.*

*Tanta cum violentiâ
Fodit Corpuscula,
Plus tres pedes per ilia
Transivit hastula.*

*Sic Ceciderunt Comites,
Quâm invictissimi;
Quùm sagitario subdit res
Percæum occidi.*

*Arcum intensum dexterâ,
Factam insignitèr,
Tres pedes longâ spiculâ,
Implevit fortitèr.*

*Hugonem Gomerj, versus,
Sic telum statuit,
Vel Anserinus calamus,
In corde maduit.*

*Ad vesperam ab Aurorâ,
Duravit prælium,
Octavo scilicet horâ,
Vix est præteritum.*

XLVIII.

With the Earl *Piercy* there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and *Sir John*,
Sir James that bold Baron.

XLIX.

And with *Sir George* and good *Sir James*
both Knights of good account,
Good *Sir Ralph Rabby* there was slain,
whose prowess did surmount.

L.

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,
as one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
he fought upon his stumps.

LI.

And with Earl *Douglas* there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
one foot would never flie.

LII.

Sir Charles Murrel of *Ratcliff* too,
his Sisters Son was he;
Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

LIII.

And the Lord *Markwel* in likewise
did with Earl *Douglas* die:
Of twenty hundred *Scotish* Spears,
scarce fifty five did fly.

(97)
XLVIII.

*Cum Percæio est peremptus,
Dominus Ogerton
Johannes Ratcliffe, Robertus,
Et Jacobus Baron.*

XLIX.

*Jacobus, & Georgius,
Equestris ordinis,
Radulphus Raby Dominus,
Periit magnanimis.*

L.

*Pro With'rington sit genitus,
Ac si in tristibus,
Qui pugnavit de Genibus
Truncatis Crucibus.*

LI.

*Perierunt cum Duglasio,
Hugo Gomericus,
Carolus Currell a Campo
Nunquam discessurus.*

LII.

*De Ratcliffe Murrell Carolus,
Nepos a Sorore.
David Lamb bene habitus
Exanguis Corpore.*

LIII.

*Ac etiam Markwell Dominus,
Deditus est neci,
Vix e duobus millibus,
Fugerunt Sexdeni.*

II

LIV. Eter

LIV

Of fifteen hundred English men,
 went home but fifty three,
 The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chase*
 under the Green-Wood tree.

LV.

Next day did many widdows come,
 their Husbands to bewail,
 They washt their wounds in brinish tears,
 but all would not prevail.

LVI.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 they bore with them away,
 They kist them dead a thousand times,
 when they were clad in clay.

LVII.

This news was brought to *Edenburg*,
 Where Scotlands King did reign,
 That brave Earl *Dowglas* suddenly,
 was with an Arrow slain,

LVIII.

O heavy news King *James* did say,
 Scotland can witness be,
 I have not any Captain more,
 of such account as he.

LIX.

Like tidings to King *Henry* came,
 within as short a space,
 That *Peircy* of *Northumberland*,
 was slain in *Chevy-Chase*.

.LIV.

*Etèr quingenis Anglicis,
Vix tot abière,
In Luco Casis cæteris,
Sub fagi tegmine.*

LV.

*A plurimis cras viduis
Lugetur miserè,
Vulnera lota lacrymis,
Nec prævalere.*

.LVI.

*Cruentata Corpuscula,
Secum abstulere,
Milliès dederunt oscula,
Defanetis funere.*

LVII.

*Fertur apud Edinburgham,
Regnante Jacobo,
Duglasium subito Cæsum
Fuisse Foculo.*

LVIII.

*O Lamentabile dixit,
Scotia sit testis,
Haud alius Dux superfuit,
Æqualis ordinis.*

LIX.

*Henrico tradidit Fama,
Pari intervallo :
Perceium de Northumbriâ,
Occisum in Luco.*

(100)

LX.

Now God be with him said our King,
sith't will no better be,
I trust I have within my Realm,
five hundred as good as he.

LXI.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
but I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
for brave Earl *Pircies* sake.

LXII.

This vow full well the K. perform'd,
after an *Humble Down*,
In one day fifty Knights were slain
with Lords of great renown.

LXIII.

And of the rest of small account
did many hundreds dye,
Thus ended the hunting of *Chevy-Chase*
made by the Earl *Piercy*.

LXIV.

God save the King and blefs the Land
in plenty, joy, and Peace,
And grant henceforth that foul debate,
'twixt Noble men may cease.

CANT

(101)

LX.

*Quum Rex Edixit valeat ?
Rebus sic stantibus,
Spero quod Regnum abundat,
Quingenis talibus.*

LXI.

*Ast sentient me ulcipientem
Scoti & Scotia,
Ac vindictam inferentem
Percei Gratia.*

LXII.

*Quod est a Rege præstitum,
Cæsis in montibus,
Quinquies denis Militum,
Nec non Baronibus,*

LXIII.

*Ac de plebe perierunt
Centeni plurimi,
Venatum sic finierunt
Percei Domini.*

LXIV.

*Sit Rex & Grex beatulus
Pace, & Copiâ,
Ac absit a magnatibus,
Malevolentia.*

H 3

CANT.

B 5471

S O N G XXII.

I.

SIR *Francis*, Sir *Francis* his own Son,
 Sir *William*, Sir *Thomas*, and all did run,
 Then came my Lord of *Southampton*,
 And shew'd himself a gallant Man.

II.

Then came the Chamberlain with his Staff,
 And all the People 'gan to Laugh,
 At length the Queen began to speak,
 You'r welcome home Sir *Francis Drake*.

III.

Ye Nobles all of Brittish Blood,
 Why Sayle ye not o're the Ocean Flood?
 In truth you are not worth Filberd,
 Compared to Sir *Iumphry Gilberd*.

IV.

For he went out on a Rainy day,
 To *New-found-land* he took his way,
 Most Rare and Comely to be seen,
 But never came back, (God save the Queen.

SONG.

CANT. XXII.

I.

A Francisco Franciscus,
 Thomas ruit, & Gulielmus,
 Hamptoniensis adiit,
Ac Trossulum se præstitit.

II.

*Affuit Camerarius,
 Plebemq; cepit cachynus,
 Regina tandem effatur,
 Benè Dracus Revertatur.*

III.

*Heroes vos Britanii,
 Cùm non estis Transmarini?
 Merhercle nauci facio vos,
 Humphrido Gilberd collatos.*

IV,

*Nam Atrâ die abiit,
 Terram ignotam petijt;
 Bellus gratusq; aspectu,
 Non plus? (vivat Regina) heu.*

SONG XXIII.

I.

I'Le tell you all, both great and small,
 I tell you all truly,
 That we have cause, and very great cause,
 For to Lament and Cry,
 Fy, Oh ! fy, oh ! fy, oh ! fy !
 Fy on thee Cruel Death !
 For thou hast ta'ne away from us !
 Our Queen *Elizabeth*.

II.

Thou mayst have taken other folks,
 That better might be mist,
 And have let our Queen alone,
 Who lov'd no Popish Priest,
 In Peace she rul'd all this Land,
 Beholding unto no Man,
 And did the Pope of *Rome* withstand,
 And yet was but a Woman.

III.

A Woman said I ? nay that is more,
 Then any one can tell,
 So fair she was, so chaste she was,
 That no one knew it well,
 With that, from *France* came *Monfieur* o're,
 A purpose for to woe her,
 Yet still she liv'd, and Dy'd a Maid,
 Do what they could unto her.

IV. She

CANT. XXIII.

I.

Vobis magnis-parvis Dicam,
 Et sum veridicus,
 Offerri causam maximam,
 Esse in tristibus,
 Væ tibi mors ! malum tibi !
 (Proh mortem tetricam !)
 Tu enim nobis dempsisti,
 Reginam Elizam.

II.

Poteras plures capere,
 Citra Injuriam,
 Reginamq; non rapere,
 Anti-sacri-coldam !
 Quietè gentem hæc Rexit,
 Nulliq; devincta,
 Papamq; Romæ despexit
 Et tandem Fæmella ?

III.

Ab ! Ab ! quid dixi Fæmella ?
 De hoc fama filet,
 Adeo fuit casta-Bella,
 Ut nemini liquet.
 En Dux Andinus adiit,
 Illam petiturus,
 Virgo vixit & obiit,
 Hæc nihilominus.

IV. Nec

IV.

She never acted any ill thing,
 That made her Conscience prick her,
 Nor never would submit to him,
 That called is Christs Vicar,
 But rather chose courageously,
 To Fight under Christs Banner
 'Gainst *Pope* and *Turk* and King of *Spain*,
 And all that durst withstand her.

V.

But if that I had *Argus* Eyes,
 They were to few to weep,
 For our Queen *Elizabeth*,
 That now is fal'n a sleep,
 A sleep indeed where she shall rest,
 Until the day of Doom,
 And then shall rise unto the shame
 Of the great Pope of *Rome*.

SONG XXIV.

An Ode.

Under 500 Kings three Kingdoms groan,
 Go *Finch* dissolve them *Charles* is in the
 And by th' Grace of God will Reign alone. (Throne,
 II. What

IV.

*Nec mali quid hæc effecit,
 Conscientiæ stimulo ;
 Nec semet ipsam subjecit,
 Christi-vicario,
 At maluit magnanimis,
 Sub Christi vexellis,
 Pugnare, cum Papâ, Turcis,
 Ac multis alijs.*

V.

*Sin mihi Argi oculi,
 Deessent Lachrymæ,
 Elizabethæ fletui,
 Nuper demortuæ,
 De nata hic obdormiet,
 Die novissimo,
 Et tunc expergefaiet,
 Papâ propudio.*

CANT. XXIV.

Odis.

I.

EN! tria Regnagemunt centum subquinq; Tyrannis
 IFinch, solvantur Carolus supereminet omnes,
 Atq; volente Deo, solus regnabit in Aulâ.

II. Quid

II.

What will the Commons have? The Royal line,
Heaven doth dispose of. 'Tis not theirs or mine,
But his by whom Kings Rule, and are Divine.

III.

I represent the King of Kings who gave
The Crown, the Sword, the Scepter that I have,
I am Gods Servant, not the Peoples slave.

IV.

Their Frantick Votes, and mad Resolves I hate,
I know a better way to heal the State,
Then to Sin rashly and Repent too late.

SONG XXV:

I.

Great Alexanders Horse, *Bucephalus* by name,
I Brave Writers have inrol'd, within the
But Poor *Will Pickering's* Mare, (books of fame,
So far she did excel,
She never run the Race,
But she bore away the Bell.
But for Tyhe, whyhee, hrk, prp, for Caper and
All *Holland* could not shew (Career,
You such another Mare.

III. But

II.

*Quid sibi vult Populus ? Regnandi sacra potestas,
Nos penes, aut alios non est sed cura Deorum,
Quorum permissu, Reges Dominantur in Orbe.*

III.

*Præsto vicem Regis Regum, qui sceptrâ, Coronam
Et Gladium tribuit, nobis insignia Regni,
Non ego sum populi servus, sed numine Fungor.*

IV.

*Non consulta probo, quid enim nisi vota supersunt,
Novi ego faciant ad publica comoda gentis,
Non peccare prius; post ut sit causa doloris.*

CANT. XXV.

I.

A *Lexandri equum, Dictum Bucephalum,
Scriptores meminêrunt, in libris Heroum,
At Pickering equa, tantò excelluit,
A Carcere missa, semper prevaluit,
Et pro Tybe, whybee, hrk, prp,
Saltu & Cursurâ,
Non est inter Hollandos,
Talis equila:*

II. At

II

But now the News is come,
 His bonny Mare is Dead,
 Whereat he stampes and swears,
 He had rather ha' lost his head,
 But for Tyhee, &c.

III.

Her foremost shoos she gave,
 Unto some Popish Fool,
 To carry him to *Rome*,
 For a Pardon for his Soul
 But for Tyhee, &c.

IV.

Her hinder shoos that had
 Plaid many a Jadish trick
 She gave unto curst Wives,
 Their Husbands us'd to kick.
 But for Tyhee, &c,

S O N G XXVI.

I.

From the faire *Lavinian* shoar,
 I your Market come to store
 Muse not that so far off I dwell,
 And come here my ware to sell,
 Such is the sacred hunger of Gold !
 Then come to my Pack
 While I cry
 What do ye lack,
 Or what d'ye buy !
 For here it is to be sold.

Though

*At Rumor, nunc subit,
Equæ præmortuæ,
Qua propter jurat malle
Se caput perdere, & pro Tyhee; &c.*

*Priores calceos,
Dedit papistico,
Pro veniâ animæ,
Romam profecturo & pro Tyhee, &c.*

*Posteror Calceos,
Qui malè gesserant,
Dedit uxoribus,
Quæ viros calcitant & pro Tyhee, &c.*

CANT. XXIV.

I.

*A Litore Lavinio,
Huic intersum Emporio,
Patet scite me istic degere,
Et merces his sum vendere,
Auri sacra fames ita habet se,
Ergo venite
Antè me,
Placet nè!
Hæc emere?
Quæ habeo vendere?*

II.

Though thy Father thee before,
 Neither armes, or Scutcheon bore,
 Or thy Gentry been as young,
 As the Rose that's newly blown;
 Canst thou find in thine heart to part with thy
 (Gold!

Then come to me (Lad)
 Thou shalt have,
 What thy Dad
 Yet never gave,
 For Heraldry's to be sold.

III.

Madam for your wrinckled face,
 Heres Complexion it to grace.
 Which if your earnest be but small .
 It takes away the vertues all.
 But if your Palmes are anoynted with Gold
 Then you shall seem
 Like a Queen
 of fiftteen ,
 Though you are threescore years old.

II.

*Esti vester proavus,
 Esset armorum ignorus,
 Esses ve terræ filius,
 Novus at Alabastrus,
 Aurum modo sit Communicabile,
 Adsis, habebis,
 Præmia, Trophea,
 Atavis incognita,
 Genus est mercabile.*

III.

*Quid tibi vis Heronia ?
 Fucus est in mantica,
 Album vel Rubrum habeas,
 Faciem ut delinias,
 Aurum modo tangam pro munere,
 Per videre, Reginae ? ter quinq; amas natae,
 Sex-decem preteritæ.*

S O N G XXVII.

I.

THou art not fair for all thy red and white,
 Nor all those Rosy Ornaments in thee,
 Thou art not sweet, nor made for mere delight,
 Nor sweet nor fair unless thou pity me, (prove
 I will not, I will not sooth thy fancies, thou shalt
 So ill a Creature, no Man thee shall love.

II.

Neither Love thou me, nor think thou to allure,
 My thoughts with beauty were it more divine,
 Thy smiles, and kisses I cannot indure,
 I'll not be wrapt up in those Eyes of thine,
 Now shew, now shew it, if thou art a Woman right,
 Embrace and Kiss, and love me in despight.

S O N G. XXVIII.

I.

WHY so pale and wand fond Lover?
 Prethee why so pale?
 If looking well thou canst not move her,
 Will looking ill prevail?
 Prethee why so pale?

II. VVhy

S O N G XXVII.

I.

NON es Pulchella, vario præ Colore
 Præ Cunctis roseis Ornamentis in Te,
 Fæda nec facta merâ de Dulcedine,
 Insuavis vilis si non Ames me :
 Nolo te adulari, probabis
 Informem formam, sine Gaudiis.

II.

Nec Ama, nec puta, mentem allicere,
 Cum formâ, Etsi magis divinâ ;
 Risus & Oscula, nolo admittere,
 Non Circumcingar intra Brachia
 Ostendas si Fæminei sexûs sis
 Cupidines & des ingratiis.

C A N T. XXVIII.

I.

CUR palleas Amasse ?
 Cur quæso palleas ?
 Si non rubente facie,
 Squallente valeas ?
 Cur quæso palleas ?

I 2

II. Car

I I.

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner ?
 Prethee why so mute ?
 If speaking well thou canst not win her,
 Can saying nothing doe't,
 Prethee why so mute ?

III.

Quit, quit, for shame ? this will not move her
 This cannot take her,
 If of her self she will not Love,
 Nothing can make her,
 The Devil take her.

S O N G XXIX.

IF any so wise ls,
 That sack he despises.
 Let him drink his small bere & be sober
 While we drink Sack and sing,
 As if it were spring,
 He shall droop like the trees in October.
 Be sure over night,
 If this dog do you bite,
 You take it henceforth for a warning.
 soon as out of bed,
 To settle your head,
 Take an hair of his tail in the morning.

Then

*Cur stupias mi suavio;
 Cur quæso taceas?
 Si præstes nil eloquio,
 Silentio valeas?
 Cur quæso taceas.*

*Hinc hinc! (ab pudet) nil age;
 Hoc non movebit,
 Suapte si non redamet,
 Nil prevalebit,
 Dæmon habebit.*

C A N T XXIX.

*S**I quis adeò sapiat,
 Ut vinum non capiat,
 Par sobrietatis alumno;
 Is nobis falerno,
 Lætisq; ut verno,
 Marcebit ut arbor in Autumno,
 Verum pridianis,
 Si mordiat canis,
 Hæc sit in futurum Cautela,
 Ut diluculo,
 Pro Capitulo,
 Caudæ pilum sumat pro medela.*

Then be not so silly,
 To follow old *Lilly*,
 For ther's nothing but sack that can tune us.
 Let his *nè assuescas*,
 Be put in his Cap-Case,
 And sing *bibito vinum jejunus*.

S O N G XXX:

I.

Come Boyes fill us a Bumper,
 Wee'l make the Nation roar,
 She's grown sick of a Rumper,
 That stick's on the old score,
 Pox a Phanaticks wee'l rout 'em,
 They do thirst for our blood.
 We'le raise our taxes without'em,
 And Drink for the Nations good.

II.

Charge the Pottles and Gallons,
 And bring the Hoggshead in.
 We'l begin with a tall one,
 And Rummers to our King.
 Round a round with a fresh one,
 Let no man balke his Wine,
 We'l drink to the next in Succession,
 And keep in the right line.

CANT.

*Nec adeo desipias,
 Quin Liliū rejicias,
 Nam vinis sarti tecti sumus ;
 Ejus nē assuescas,
 Nequā ediscas,
 Verū bibito vinum Jejūnus.*

CANT. XXX.

I.

P*Ateram præbe spumantem,
 Applaudet Natio,
 Ægre fert Rebellantem,
 Cui vetus suasio,
 Fanaticas obligemus,
 Qui sitiunt sanguinem,
 Censuram nos faciemus,
 Bibentes super unguem.*

II.

*Gomer detur & semis,
 Et cadus ponatur,
 Salus Regis imprimis,
 In Cyatho bibatur.
 Circum-circa novetur,
 Vinum nemo neget,
 Successioni potetur,
 Et series recta sit.*

S O N G X X X I.

Dialogue.

Strephon.

C Ome my *Daphne* ! come away !
We do waſt the Chriſtal day :

Daphne.

'Tis *Strephon* call's, what would my love?

Strephon.

Come follow to the myrtle Grove,
Where *Venus* ſhall prepare,
Fresh Chaplets for thine hair.

Daphne.

Were I ſhut up within a tree,
I'd rend my bark to follow thee.

Strephon.

My Shepardeſs make haſt,
The Minutes ſlide too faſt.
In thoſe Cooler ſhades will I,
Blind as *Cupid* kiſs thine eye,

In

C A N T. XXXI.

Dialogus.

Strephon.

A *Dsis Daphne ! propera !
Transit dies lucida.*

Daphne.

Accit Strephon, quid mecum vis ?

Strephon.

*Ut myrteo luco intersis,
Quum instruet venus,
Laureas pro crinibus,*

Daphne.

*Inclusa si in Arbore,
Excorticarer sequi te,*

Strephon.

*Mea nympha celera,
Aufugiunt momenta,
Cæcus, ut amor in umbris,
Os libabo basis,*

In

In thy bosomethen I'll stray,
In such warm Snow who will not lose his way.

Chorus.

We'll laugh and leave this world behind,
And God's themselves that see,
Shall Envy thee and me,
But never know such Joyes,
When they Embrace a Deity.

S O N G XXXII.

OH the merry *Christ-Church* Bells,
One, two, three four, five, six,
They are so woundy great,
So wondrous sweet
And they trowl so merrily, merrily.

Oh the first and second Bell
That every day at four and ten
Cries come come, come come, come to Prayers,
And the Verger troops before the Dean.
Tingle,

*In sinu tunc errabitur,
Hâc in nive quis non vagabitur.*

Chorus.

*Leti nos mundum mittemus,
Quo viso, ipsi Dii,
Nobis-met invisi,
Talis lusus orbi,
Cum deas sunt circumplexi.*

C A N T. XXXII.

E Dis Christi Campanulæ,
Bis, tres, in numero,
Magnificæ,
Dulcisonæ,
Pulsantq; hilarè hilarè !

Prima & prima a primâ ;
Horâ quartâ & decimâ,
Ait adsis, adsis, precibus,
Ambulante Vergifero,
Tintinnuit horâ tintinnabulum,
Ut redeat domum.

At.

Tingle, Tingle, Ting, goes the small bell at nine
 To call the Beerers home,
 But there's never a man
 Will leave his can,
 Till he hears the mighty Tom.

S O N G XXXIII.

CAST away care and merrily sing,
 There is a time for every thing,
 He that playes at his work,
 And works at his play,
 Neither keepes working nor holyday;
 Set busines aside and let us be merry,
 And drown these sad thoughts in Canary and
 (Sherry)

S O N G XXXIV.

FYE nay prethee *John*
 Do not quarel Man,
 Let's be Merry and drink about
 You'r a Rogue ! you cheated me,
 I'le prov't before this Company,
 I care not a farthing Sr. for all you are so stout:
 Sr. you lye I scorn the word,
 From any man that wears a sword,
 For all you huff I care not a turd,
 Or who cares for you ?

SONG

At combibo,
 manet intro,
 Dum Thomas det sonum,
 Ac nemo sat,
 Sibi putat,
 Nisi Thomas edit Bom.

CANT XXXIII.

Quisq; ponat curas ! lætusq; cantet !
 Dat opportunum rei cuilibet,
 In rebus qui ludit, ludis non vacat,
 Festum aut profestum male observat,
 Sat negotiorum simus hilari,
 In vino dolores & sint obruti.

CANT XXXIV.

Phy, phy, Johannes,
 Ne (nunc) litiges,
 Lætetur, & Combibamus !
 Scelus ! defraudasti me,
 Constabit coram Agmine,
 Non mihi assis est etsi sis tumidus,
 Mentiris sperno verbum,
 Aut quemvis gladiatorium,
 Non hujus duco gloriosum,
 Vel quis estimat te !

CANT. XXXV.

S O N G X X X V .

THE name of Lord
 Shall be abhord,
 For every mans a brother,
No reason that
In Church or State,
 One man should rule another.
When we have thrown,
The Bishops down,
 And leveld each degree.
The Sisters soon
Shall be our own,
 And Hey then up go we.

C A N T. XXXV.

EST Odio
Nomen Baro,
Nam quilibet est frater,
Res est mala,
In publica,
Si quis prædominatur.
Sint nihili
Episcopi,
Paritas dabitur,
Sororibus
prostentibus
In altum tollimur.

SONG.

SONG. XXXVI.

I.

Since all the Features of Love that adorn thee
 And thy Curious face must fail,
 And those that were thine admirers shall scorn
 Beauty less pleasant is the frail; (thee,
 Thy blooming sweets will soon decay,
 And ne're reflourish to a second May :
 The lease thou hadst of Grace and Hue,
 Nature will never, never more renew.

II.

Now that thy Beautyes, are ripen'd to Harvest,
 And all the Fruits of love in their prime,
 And midst of plentiful Dainties thou starvest,
 And do'st refuse the presents of time ;
 In one free Kiss, thy self resign,
 And I will render my Soul up to thine :
 Thus (Fairest) shall we two make one,
 Contracted by a Mistique Union.

SONG.

SONG XXXVII.

Dear Friend.

I.

THE King and the Prelates,
 Will Cudgel the Zealots,
 With Crozier, and Scepter,
 Good Master *Præceptor*.
 And send them to whence came their Bible,
 Those wights in the *Gate-House*
 (As *Berkenhead* Ga't us)
 Who thought to besquiter ye
 With the old Presbytery,
 Will hang ere't be long, 'tis possible.

II.

They'l ferve to help Squire
Dun, out of the mire.
 VWho be'gan as a Friend
 To bring to an end,
 Both Covenant and Covenanters,
 He has but two wayes
 (As his VVorship now says)
 For those that come after
 To Hang, or cross Water,
 To Plant or Transplant, our Supplanters.

K

III.

I

I hop'd from your letter,
 To have had a better
 Account of the man,
 That again and again,
 Does hit us in the teeth from the Pulpit,
 Since Pelf from the Bore
 Can make me no more
 A man of the Law
 Then was *Jack Straw*,
Qui legem ac Fura revulsit.
 A recruit must quicken the dull wit.

S O N G XXXVIII.

I.

MY Dearest sweet ly down by me,
 With thine Enamell'd ckeek to
 While I my Soul breath into thee, (mine,
 And every kiss returns me thine.

II.

Our Bodies we'l in Pleasures lull,
 And active Dalliances prove ;
 For why ? th' face is not more full,
 Of Beauty than I am of Love.

III.

My willing Armes and Thighs shall
 And Ivy-like thy limbs entwine, (clip,

When

When from thy Balsom-mouth I'll sip
A sure restoring Medicine.

IV.

And in the Respites of our sport, Eye
Thou shalt be-pearl thy Diamond
Cause Nature made her sweet so short,
And shame me to a fresh supply.

V.

My busy hand and lips shall rove,
O're all the sweets thy beauties wear
And in thine Hony-suckle-grove,
I'll distill what I gather'd there,

VI.

Thy bold, and thy provoking touch,
Shall Loves Alimbeck so apply,
And shew thy Chymick skill is such,
That I must melt in Love and Dy.

VII

And being thus bereft of breath,
Lovers shall at my Tomb appear,
Wishing themselves no worse a Death,
Nor better life, then I had here.

VIII.

Ladies shall sighing drop a Tear,
As with pure Love and Pity mov'd,
That such a constant Servant (here,)
Should dy because he over Lov'd.

P O E M XXXIX.

*On the Market in St. Pauls Church-Yard,
set up by Tichborn, and Removed by
Sir Rich. Browne Kt. and B. Lord
Mayor of London.*

Sacer hic locus est, procul hinc procul ite prophani.

THe House of Prayer was made a Den of
(Thieves,
Heavens forgive us ! lets amend our Lives !
A Scourge befall that Mony-changing Crew,
Where neither God, nor *Cæsar* has his due !
Defiling sacred ground with Market stuff,
As if the Streets had not been broad enough,
To make a Burial-Place, a place of Trade,
It is a kind of Living by the Dead,
Me thinks the grave should open, & the sprights,
Of such as sin'd by measure & by Weights, (bound
Should fright these Sons of Traffick from their
Who with unhallow'd feet profan'd their ground,
Tis well their Spirits are laid : *Tichburn's a Guest,*
Like an ill Conscience, ner'e would let them rest,
What could we hope for, when we could not have,
Quiet, within a solitary grave ?

But

But oh ! how just is Heaven ! his doom is red,
 No place among the Living, or the Dead;
 Perch with thy Brethren in Iniquity !
 A just Reward for all thy Simony !
 Whilst Pious *Browne* deserves our thanks at least,
 That when we are dead, our bones shall be at Rest.

SONG XL.

I.

L Et's wet the whistle of the Muse,
 That sing the praise of every Juice,
 This House affords for Mortals use,
Which no Body can Deny.

II.

Heres Ale of *Hull* which 'tis well known
 Kept King and Keyser out of Town,
 Now in, will never hurt the Crown,
Which no body, &c.

III.

Here's *Lambeth* Ale to cool the Maw,
 And Beer as Spruce as e're you saw,
 But Mum as good as Man can draw,
Which no, &c.

IV.

If Reins be loose as some mens Lives,
 Whereat the Purling Female grieves,
 Here's stitch-back that will please your
Which, &c. (Wives,

V.

Here's Cyder too, you little wot,
 How oft 'twill make you go to pot,
 Tis Red-streak all or it is not,
Which, &c.

VI.

Here's Scholar that has doft his Gown,
 And donn'd his Cloak & came to Town,
 Till all's up drink his Colledg down,
Which, &c.

VII.

Here's *North*-down, which in many a
 Pulls all the Bloud into the face, (Case,
 Which blushing is a sign of Grace,
Which, &c.

VIII.

If belly full of Ale doth grow,
 And Women runs in head, you know,
 Old *Pharoh* will not let you go,
Which, &c.

XI.

Here's that by some bold Brandy hight,
 Which *Dutch men* use in Case of fright,
 Will make a Coward for to fight,
Which, &c.

X. Here's

X.

Here's China Ale surpasseth far,
 What munden vents at Temple Bar,
 Tis good for Lords and Ladies ware,
Which, &c.

XI.

Here's of Epsam will not fox
 You, more then whats drawn out of
 Of *Middleton*, yet cures th' Pox, (Cocks
Which, &c.

XXII.

For ease of heart here's that will do't,
 A Liquor you may have to boot,
 Invites you or the Devil to't,
Which, &c.

XIII.

For Bottle Ale though it be windy,
 Whereof I cannot choose but mind yee,
 I would not have it left behind yee,
Which, &c.

XIV.

Take Scurvy Grass or Raddish Ale,
 Twill make you like an Horse to stale,
 And cures whatsoever you Ail,
Which, &c.

XV.

For County Ales as that of Chæis,
 Or of *Darby* you'l confess, (less,
 The more you drink, you'l need the
Which, &c.

K 4

XVI. But

XVI.

But one thing must be thought upon,
 For mornings draught when all is done
 A Pot of Purle for *Harrison*,
Which no body can deny.

S O N G . XLI.

I.

Lets sing as one may say the Fate
 Of those that meddle with this and that,
 And more then comes to their shares do prate,
Which no body can deny.

II.

Such who their Wine and Coffee Sip,
 And let fall words 'twixt Cup and Lip,
 To scandal of good fellowship,
Which no body, &c.

III.

Those Clubbers who when met & fate,
 Where every Seat is Chair of State,
 As if they only knew whats what.
Which, &c.

IV. Dam

IV

Dam me says one, were I so and so,
 Or as the King I know what I know,
 The Devil too wood with the *French*
Which, &c. (should go,

V.

Would the King Comission grant
 To me, were *Lewis John* of Gant,
 I'de beat him or know why I shant,
Which no, &c,

VI.

I'de undertake bring scores to ten
 Of mine at hours-warning-men,
 To make *France* tremble once again.
Which, &c.

VII.

The Claret takes, yet e're he drinks,
 Cries Pox o'th' *French-man*, but me
 It must go round to my brothe-(thinks
Which, &c.

VIII.

He's the only Citizen of Sence,
 And Liberty is his pretence,
 And has enough of Conscience,
Which, &c.

IX.

The Bully that next to him sate,
 With a green Livery in his Hat,
 Cry'd what a plague would the *French*
Which, &c. (be at,

X. Zounds

X.

Zounds had the King without Offence,
 Been Rul'd by me, you'd seen long since,
 Chastisement for their Insolence,
Which, &c.

XI.

They take our Ships, do what they please,
 VVere ever play'd such Pranks as these,
 As if we were not Lord o'th' Seas,
Which, &c.

XII.

I told the King on't th'ther day.
 And how th' Intreagues o'th' matter lay,
 But Princes will have their one way,
Which, &c.

XIII.

The next Man that did widen throat
 Was wight in half pil'd Velvet Coat,
 But he and that not worth a Groat,
Which, &c.

XIV.

VVho being planted next the Dore,
 (Pox on him for a Son of Whore)
 Inveighs against the Embassador,

XV

Had the King (quoth he) put me upon't,
 You should have found how I had don't,
 But now you see what is come on't,
Which, &c.

XVI. Quoth

XVI.

Quoth he if such an Act had stood,
That was design'd for publick good,
'Thad pass'd more then is understood,
Which, &c.

XVII.

But now forsooth our strictest Laws,
Are 'gainst the Friends o'th' good old Cause,
And if one hangs the other draws,
Which, &c.

XVIII.

But had I-but so worthy been,
To sit in place that some are in,
I better had advis'd therein,
Which, &c.

XIX.

I am one that firm doth stand
For Manufactures of the Land,
Then Cyder takes in, out of hand,
Which, &c.

XX.

This English Wine (quoth he) & Ale,
Our Fathers drank before the Sale
Of Sack on Pothecaries Stall,
Which, &c.

XXI.

These Outlandish drinks quoth he,
The *French*, and *Spanish* Foppery,
They tast too much of Popery,
Which, &c.

XXII. And

XXII.

And having thus their Verdicts spent,
Concerning King and Parliament,
They Scandalize a Government,
Which, &c.

XXIII.

An Hierarchy by such a Prince,
As may be said without offence,
None e're could boast more Excellence,
Which, &c.

XXIV.

God bleſs the King, the Queen & Peers,
Our Parliament and Overſeres,
And rid us of ſuch Mutineers,
Which no body can deny.

S O N N E T XLII.

I.

REproach me not heretofore,
I only freedome did adore,
And bragg'd that none tho kind and fair,
My loſs of heart could e're repair
Since I moſt willingly do yield
To *Cloris* beauty all the feild

With

II.

With greater joy I now resign,
 My freedome then thou yet keep'st thine.
 And am resolv'd constant to prove
 Though thy neglect transcend my love.
 Strange charmes they are that make me burn,
 Without the hope of a return.

III.

Thine eyes the greatest heart out braves,
 And at once pleases and enslaves,
 Thou wouldst not sure else see in them,
 An Act which now thou dost Condemn.
 Who then shall that assault abide,
 When fate doth strike on either side.

IV.

Thy Charming voice is much more free,
 Then after it thy hearers be.
 Nay thy voice is so firm and Clear
 That it inspires love through the Ear.
 Who then can hope for a defence,
 Since thou hast charms for every sence:

V.

I must confess a while I strove
 With reasons to resist my love.
 As Saints sometimes 'gainst death do pray,
 Though't be to heaven the only way.
 'Tis *Cloris* only hath the skill,
 To make me blest against my will.

Nor

VI.

Nor will I so much as indure,
 To think inconstancy a Cure.
 For were I to that sin but bent,
 Here would it prove my punishment.
 Where to adore I must Confess,
 Is better then elsewhere success.

VII.

To see thee and not be in love
 A wonder like thy self would prove.
 Thy charmes by vertue and by Art,
 Do each of them deserve an Heart,
 So that my sorrow is not small,
 I have but one to pay them all.

P O E M . LXIII.

The new Year.

To the ever Honored Mrs. M. H.

Madam

WHen I perceive the lease ^obund tenants
 Their *vn-mab'd* Foules, fit Emblems of their love. (prove,
 (Which they Coop up, like the Tyth-Pig I mean,
 Not to approve in fat, but keep them lean.)

I fear

I fear, when I with Annual Tribute come
 (A single offering, not an Hecatomb.)
 And starvling verses on your Alter lay,
 In lieu of what the *Indyes* cannot pay ;
 That in a just dislike, as of that Crew,
 You will conclude that I'me ill guisted too.
 But I assume the Complement they make.,
 ---*Madam*, I wish 'twere better for your sake
 But as it is---

Live long and Happy ! that your Age may be,
 As a Continual lasting Jubilee !
 And be it made the business of your life,
 To prove the Joyes of a Beloved Wife.
 Yet never know the same ! and may all those,
 Sorrows Contriv'd for you, befall your Foes !
 And let your Marriage Computation run,
 With even Feet, for every year a *San*,
 And what we do in other Children call,
 A Dutious-Love, in them be Naturall !
 Last having left a fa ir posterity,
 To stock the Earth, ascend unto the Skye !
 Where you shall reap the Joyes of Heavens store,
 When years shall cease, and time shall be no
 (more.
 SONG

SONG XLIV:

Mock.

I.

- **F**ull twenty times over and twenty to that,
 I musing have wondred what tis you'd be at,
 You pine and look pale like the liquors that's flat.
 For he's a cold Drinker,
 That now will turn skinker.
 Since thus runs the play,
 Since thus runs the play,
 If you sit up all night you are ready next day,
 Since thus runs the play,
 If you sit up all night you are ready next day.

II.

There's a Pipe ready Broach'd that would not
 (be shut,
 With Legions of bottles prepar'd for the gut,
 If you give but your mind to't you'll swallow a
 Then stand not so dully (But.
 But laver the Gully,
 VVith beer-bowl in fist,
 VVith beer-bowl in fist,
 If you charge him but well you may hit whom
 VVith beer-bowl in fist, (you ist.
 Some

III.

Some idle Companions when with them you sit,
Will talk and fly high as if they had all the wit
But alas it appears there the Devil a bit.

Their Bisket Iests after

They've steapt in their laughter,

VVith their pipes being broke,

VVith their pipes being broke. (smoak

And their Tobacco once out, they will vanish in

VVith their pipes &c.

IV.

Some stately proud high Boys will rant it & call
As if they would tippie the devil and all,
But stand to them stiffly they will easily fall.

Then to it nere fear them

Set foot and come near them

By drinking about,

By drinking about.

Be their heads ne're so empty they can nerehold

By drinking about,

Be there heads ne're so empty they can nere hold

V.

Some Punyes whose Cheekes are with blushes
To fuddle a gallon will not be afraid, (o're laid
Put them to't and but tell them they drink like

Then cry but have at it,

Lads will you be at it.

If e're they refuse,

If e're they refuse,

To water as thoudost or I let them chuse,

If e're they refuse

To water as thou dost or I let them chuse.

S O N G XLV.

Mock

I.

Good Gaffer stand a loofe
 With your tinder-box hoof,
 That strikes fire at each stroak
 VVith a fume that choake
 One sooner then the vapour of matche
 Your stamps and your shrugs,
 Your claps and your hugs,
 Your salute with a stroak,
 That would fell down an Oak;
 VVith Zounds Rogue how dost,
 And such clouted accost.
 You may keep for the Clods and the Thatch,
 You'r a Creature below us to bondage accurst,
 When the beasts vnto *Adam* were subjected first.

II.

Titles are but a sign,
 To that which is within
 To let you Clounes know,
 What duty you owe,
 To their vertue and birth that do bear them,
 Else would you gape wider
 On the Horse then the Rider,

With

With admiration adore
Dick the Constable more.
VVhen with state he doth sit,
VVith Rug gown and no wit.
Then Robes or the nobles that wear them,
Atough back's the best Herauld you peasants can
(have,
And the heighth of your title alusty stout Knave.
No clothes can controule,
A Gentlemans Soul
But still hee'l appear,
All glorious and Clear.
Through the Clouds of blew breeches and
VVhile you though daub'd ore, (patching.
VVith that you adore
Gold lace cannot hide,
Or change your inside,
But that we may know
Though glittering go,
You've a Soule that is scarce worth the thatch-
(ing.
A lord though in rags still looks like the Law,
VVrit in worrne eaten bookes that strikes terrour
(and Awe.

IV.

VVe all are but dust
Yet differ we must.
For if you can say
Bacon broth and sower whey

L 2

VVith

With which the Veins of you Bores swolne be,
 Is the same or as good
 As that generous Bloud,
 Which flows from the Springs
 Of Princes and Kings,
 The way to be forgot,
 Were to be Valiant and stout,
 Since our deeds Live no longer then we,
 Our Children the Gout and our Acres inherit,
 And why not what's our own too, our Titles
 V. (and Merit.

Then in your thatch sit
 And drink Ale as 'tis fit,
 And if you aspire,
 Be it but to drink higher,
 Call for sack and let State things alone,
 Or if you do look
 Into a News Book,
 Be it but to advise
 How your Rents may arise,
 And new Cesses and Rates,
 To Genteelize your Estates,
 And inable you by being undone, (afford
 So may you gain Honour while your no Cares
 You leasure to tipple, and be as drunk's a Lord.

SONG.

S O N G XLV.

I.

PRethee Friend leave of thy thinking,
 Cast thy Cares of Love away;
 Sorrows still are drown'd in Drinking,
 Do not longer then delay;
Bacchus Swears it is his will,
 That we should be drinking still.

II.

Do but View this Glasse of Clarret,
 How invitingly it looks,
 Drink it quickly, or you'll marr it,
 Pox of Fighting, and of Books,
 Fill us then good store of VVine,
 And hang him up that doth repine.

III.

Call the drawer bid him fill it
 Full, as ever it can hold,
 Oh take heed you do not spill it,
 'Tis more precious far then Gold,
 Take it off, and then you'll prove,
 That Drinkings better sport then Love.

SONG

SONG XLVI.

Mock.

I.

PRehce Friend leave of thy Drinking,
 Cast thy Cups of Wine away,
 Do not Muse, but let's be thinking
 To get Whores, without delay.
Venus Swears it is her Will,
 That, we should be wenching still.

II.

Do but view these pretty Lasses,
 How invitingly they sit,
 Tempting us to mind their Faces,
 And to please their Appetit,
 Then in kind Embraces prove,
 Women only worth your Love.

III.

Call the Baw'd, and bid her fetch us,
 Fresh young Wenches in a main;
 Whilst betwixt each bout, we stretch us
 Kifs, and then go to't again,
 So when Natures sport is spent,
 Drinking then may yield content.

SONG

SONG XLVII.

I.

Fire Fire,
 Loe! Here I burn in Such desire,
 That all the Tears that I can strain
 Out of my Empty Love sick brain,
 Cannot assuage my scorching pain,
 Come *Humber, Trent*, and silver *Thames*,
 Dread Ocean hast with your Streams,
 And if you cannot quench my Fire,
 Drown both me and my desire.

II.

Fire Fire,
 There is no help for my desire,
 See how the Rivers backward fly,
 The Ocean doth its Tides deny,
 For fear my heart should drink them dry.
 Come Heavenly showers, come powring down,
 Come, you that once the World did drown,
 And if you cannot quench my Fire,
 O drown both me, and my desire.

SONG XLVII.

Mock.

I.

Fire Fire,
 Is there no help for thy desire?
 Are Tears all spent? is *Humber* low?
 Doth *Trent*, stand still? doth *Thames* not
 And does the Ocean backward go? (flow?)
 Though all these can't thy Feaver Cure,
 Yet Tyburn is a Cooler lure,
 And since thou can'st not quench thy Fire,
 Go hang thy self, and thy desire.

II.

Fire Fire,
 Here's one left for thy desire,
 Since that the Rainbow in the Skye,
 Is bent a deluge to deny,
 As loth for thee a God should Lye.
 Let gentle Rope come dangling down,
 One born to hang shall never drown,
 And since thou can'st not quench the Fire,
 Go hang thy self, and thy desire.

SONG.

SONG XLIX.

I.

L Ove! let me have my Mistress such
 (If I must need have one,
 Whose mettall will indure the touch,
 Whose touch will try the stone!
 Let her have sence I ask no more
 A Womans reason I abhor!

II.

Her noon like Eyes should shine as clear;
 And be so fixt on mine,
 The Salamander babe there,
 Should kindle and entwine,
 Then look me dead, that men may swear
 There is no Basilisk but her.

III.

If th' upper manna-lips distill,
 The sweets of every food,
 To sauce the Appetite (not fill)
 The Lover *Limbeck's* good:
 To relish which, let Love invent,
 Away to crane his Instrument.

IV.

The shrillows of the Siren noise,
 Should charm an *Adders* Ear;
 And where she Eccho'd all to voice,
 I'de bein Love with her

To

To be Clamæleon'd who would Care,
So he might Juncat on such Air.

I'de have her panther in her breath;
And *Phœnix* in her breast,
The vallies that are underneath,
The Spicery of the East.
I'de have her without much ado,
But lo! I'de have her naked too:
In spite of Fate, thus would I hve
Mandrake to all Eternity.

SONG XLIX.

CLoris forbear a while,
do not o'rejoy me,
Urge not another smile
Lest it destroy me
That beauty pleases most,
And is best taking,
Which soon is won, soon lost
Kind, yet forsaking :
I Love a coming Lady faith! I do!
But now and then, I'de have her scornful too.

II.

O're cloud those Eyes of thine,
 Bo-peepe thy Features,
 Warm with an April shine,
 Scorch not thy Creatures,
 Still to display thy ware,
 Still to be fooling,
 Argues how rude you are,
 In *Cupid's* Schooling,
 Disdains begets a suit, scorn draws us nigh,
 'Tis 'Cause I would, and cannot, make me try.

III.

Fairst, I'de have thee Wise,
 When Gallants view thee,
 And Court, do thou dispise;
 Fast moves an Appetite;
 Fly, they'l persue thee;
 Fast moves an Appetite,
 Makes hunger greater,
 Who's stinted of Delights,
 Falls to't the better,
 Be kind and Coy by turns, be smooth & rough;
 And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

SONG. L.

(144)

SONG L.

I.

Come, come, away!
No delay,
To our wished delight!
Sweet quickly hast, unto the greedy Lover!
Throw, throw aside
What may hide,
The inquisitive sight!
Ile be the only veil that shall the Cover,
And we,
Will both agree,
And then shall see
How we the time abuse,
To trifle it away, with Empty wishes;
Fond dreames,
Are Childish Themes,
Wherein the Creams
O'th' sport, we always loose,
Ad do neglect the sweeter after Kisses.

II.

Come do not frown!
Lay thee down!
'Tis a thing must be done, (pretty?)
Take of thy hand-good faith! 'tis wondrous
Oh! what a quoyle?
And a spoyle!
E're this fort could be won,
Nay, though thou squeak, or cry I dare not pity.
And now,
Ile shew thee how
Thy

Thy Dad did do,
 And score up wealthy Sums
 Of Kisses, on thy lipsto highten Pleasures:
 Again!
 I can't refrain,
 I fear no pain,
 Oh now it comes, it comes!
 'Tis all, thine own, thou shalt have standing
 (Measure.

*On a Servant Maid who satisfied her
 Amours with a Mastiff Dog.*

I.
OUt! out! you Bitch! what it's (the
 (Devil you ail?
 How to a four-ledg Creature turn your tayle
 Strange Death of Female-mongers sure in town,
 When Manger law Woman to beast lyes down
 And takes a nasty Cur those legs between,
 Where many a Christian had or ought to have
 (been.

Oh! what an age we live in, when alack,
 There's found a gill, that could not find her Jack,
 So that Sans fear of God in hugger mugger,
 The Femal must seduce the Male to bugger,
 Spight of Dame *Shipton* we have Men enough,
 Nor are they all bewitch'd, but Woman proot,
 The

The maid o'th'holder forth first gave this hint,
 Or furor Cunni or the Devil was in't,
 Or was't for that two-leg'd-lawful Creature,
 I'th' Execution of the deed of Nature,
 Made that Sport was so sweet to be so short,
 (And little thanks is con'nd dame nature for't,)
 That thou playd'st this Dog trick & wouldst be

(Lym'd

Ev'n for that Cause, thou mightst as well be

(Brim'd

But lets suppose each wight is not so stayward,
 As Wallace was (of Yore) or yet blind Bayard,
 Yet one would think, that in this knack of love,
 Each Member should be fit as hand and glove.

And that a Porters Pego may be as stiff,
 Dispraise to none as Utenfill of Mastiff,

Ev'ry Dog has his day, but this I wot,
 Before his Brethren's, came in, went to Pot,

Like will to like as in old Writ we find,

And why not Dog as well as Cat to kind.

But what's the issue come on't, but all
 Bigenerous and Paternatural?

Of such a kind of Breed as this I guess

Luellins was in his Men miracles,

Where *Aries* head and face as said Man *Daniel*,

Was not unlike to that of Dog call'd *Spaniel*,

But how the *Mulier formosa superna*,

Shall the definit, that will concern yee,

Yet for Examples sake *Serini's* Monster,

Births of this or that nature can't misconter.

New.

New-gate's black Dog, or Pistols Island Cur,
 Was probably this Siros Progenitor,
 But be they this or that or be they neither
 Dead and alive it seem'd they hang'd together.

S O N G L I.

I.

I Came, and look'd, and lik'd lov'd,
 And Frolick't in her Eye,
 While, fair *Florilla*, approv'd
 The harmless Courtesy:
 When, though my hopes were drown'd love
 (blaz'd

And set on fire my heart,
 While I still gaz'd
 On that, which caus'd my smart,
 Nor could my Tongue,
 Declare the wrong,
 Whereby, I sadly know,
 No pain above,
 The grief, they prove,
 Who fall in Love,
 And dare not say! they do.

What

What priviledg takes the nicer she ?

To me the thing's all one,

Whether, of softer wax she be,

Or of the Parian stone :

The sport's the same, then tell me why,

Fancy, should be so rude,

For to deny

What is, perhaps as good,

From her that lends,

And freely spends,

What nature to her sent

As from that dame,

That counts it shame,

To play the Game,

Which lost, she may Repent.

*On a Barber who became a great Master
of Musick*

f.

IN former time 't hath been upbrayded thus,
That Barbers Musick was most Barbarous,
For that the Cittern was confin'd unto
The Ladies fall, or *John* come kiss me now,

Green sleeves and Pudding Pyes, the Punks de-
light,
Winning of *Bolloigne*, *Essex's* last good night.

But, since reduc'd to this Conformity,
And Company became Society,
Each Barber writes himself (in strictest Rules)
Master, or Bachelor i'th' Musick Schools,
How they the meer Musitians do out-go,
These one, but they have two strings to their
(Bow,

Barber-Musitians! who are excellent.
As well at Chest, (as the Case) Instrument,
Henceforth each Steward shall invite his guest
Unto the Barbers and Musitians Feast.
Where sit ye merry, whilst we Joy to see
Art thus embrac'd by Ingenuity.

A Round.

Come smooth off your Liquor!
It makes the VVit quicker,
And he, that his water refuses,
VWhilst we laugh and sing,
And quaff healths to the King;
Shall ne're have a Bout with the Muses.

II.

The next to the Queen,
Hold it up let's be seen;

N

For

(150)

For we came to laugh and be merry,
Call the Drawer with VVine,
And cry this is mine,
Be it Claret, Canary or Sherry.

II.

To the Duke swallow Franker,
Since we have the Spanker,
VVee'le'ry man drink out an od peice,
He that fails of his whole one,
VVere he greater then *Solon* ;
Shall have all therest in his Codpiece.

*On the Act of the Rump against Titles of
Honour given by the King.*

I.

DRaw the VVine,
Fill the Bowl,
Ne're repine
Or Condole
At the usage the States lay upon us !
Though they trample us down,
Under foot, from a Crown,
If we but hold up,
For a Penliful Cup,
VVe'l forgive all the mischief they've done us.
Let our Honours
And our Mannors,

Be

(151)

Be Confiscate to their Powers,
If we Sack
May not lack,
The whole VWorld shall be ours,
And while their kindness, this fair boon affords,
Tho we cannot spend, we'l be as drunk as Lords.

II.

Then about
Give the Glas,
Suck it out !
Let it pass !
And who tipples as long as he's able,
Tho' he's shrunk from Sir *John*,
To poor *Jack* all is one,
Let his Lady take snuff,
If he but drink enough,
VVe'l Instal him Knt. of the round table,
Other Titles,
Are but Trifles,
Not deserving our thinking,
Hence we'l make
Lawes, to take
Our degrees, from good drinking.
Honour's a Pageant, we disclaim the thing ?
VWho'd be a Knt. where *Charles* is not a King?

III.

Drink away,
Have at all,
VWhile we stay
Let us call,

N 2

A 1

B 2471

(152)

And, as *Lilburn* would have us, be *Freemen*,
And who tope out their time,
Till the midnight shall shine,
Their *Mistresses*, they
Shall be *Ladies of the May*,
And themselves, of the bottles, the *Yeomen*?
The *Commanders*,
That were *Ranters*,
Shall *Comence*, now, to be *Hectors*,
And be still
As *Gentile*
As the *Kingdoms Protectors*,
And bear, (*dispite of State or Heraulds Rules*)
Ith' *Pockets*, *Argent* in their *Faces Gules*.

At General Monk's coming to London.

NOW *Lambert's* *funk*,
And mighty *Monk*
Succeeds the *Tyrannous Cromwel*,
Aud *Arthurs Court*,
'Cause time is short,
Do rage like *Devils from Hell*.
Let's mark the *Fate*,
And *Course of State*,

VWho rises, whilet'other is sinking,
 And believe, when this is past,
 'Twill be our turn at last;
 By the good Old Cause of Drinking.

II.

First *Sa' fleum Nol*,
 He swallow'd all,
 His smeller, shew'd he lov'd it,
 But *Dick* his Son,
 As he were none,
 Gave't off; and had reprov'd it,
 But that his Foes,
 Made bridge of's nose,
 And cry'd him down for a Protector,
 Proving him, to be a fool,
 That would undertake to Rule,
 And not fight and drink like Hector.

III.

The Græcian lad,
 He drank like mad,
 Minding no work above it;
 And (*Sans question*)
 Kill'd *Ephestion*,
 Cause he'd not approve it,
 He got Command
 VWhere God had Land,
 And like a right maudlin Younger,
 VWhen he tippl'd all, and wept,
 He lay'd him down and slept,
 Having no more VVorlds to Conquer.

N 3

IV. Rump

Rump Parliament,
 VVould needs invent
 An Oath of Abjuration,
 But Obedience,
 And Alegiance,
 Now are all in Fashion ;
 Then here's a bowl,
 VVith Heart and Soul

To Charles, and say amen to't,
 Tho they brought the Father down
 From a triple Kingdom Crown,
 VVe'l drink the Son upagen to't.

New

New-Years-Day,

To my Dear Friend W. M. Esq;:

THough 'mongst the numerous throng I'm
 (hither come,
 With one poor Item, 'tis my total sum,
 A Poets stock (tho no great matter 'tis,) Is
 all that one can wish, and such is this.

Health that's the Joy of Life, and Soul of
 (Mirth,
 Bane of Dispair, and Comfort of our birth,
 May't with your Years, as clearly last and rise,
 As 'twas e're winds had blasted Paradise ?

Wealth ! the support of Pleasure and the
 (Crown
 Of Worldly hope ! the Glory and Renown,
 Of Fortunes white Boys, the fond beggers
 (grutch,
 Envy'd of only those deserve not much,
 May this (and each) year, yeild to my Lov'd
 (Moyle,
 As a perpetual Triumph and a spoile !

Now, as who not enjoy, or covet more,
 Are but their Riches Goalers, and still poor,
 May the same equal temper, the same Fire,
 (That never Flag too low, nor can mount
 (higher,)
 Enflame

Enflame your Breast ; whereto be ever sent,
That Which all seek (but find not) true content
May all your Aims atchieve their purpos'd end,
And never find what'tis to want a Friend.
Unless the Kinder Heavens had me assign'd
As much of Power to serve you, as of mind,
Then need you wish no more, for't should be
(known,
'How far I prize your Fortunes 'bove mine own,
Mongst other gifts, I'll give you this gift too,
I ne're found Friend, so much a Friend as you.

New Year, to W. M. Esq;

Now when the honest Tenant gladly brings
His Eunuch's Gift, (to shew that love
(hath Wings)

Prompted by his Customs, (by nature) so,
My half hatch't Muse becomes penfeather'd too,
For (tho I'm but at will and can't renew,
Yet,) during Life I hold mine all from you,

You (my best Genius) whose Indulgent Care
 Confirms me, there's none other Tutelar :
 My Glory and my Comfort, All in All,
 A nature truly supernatural.
 Had *Plutarch* liv'd, and known you half so well,
 Y'had puzzled him t'have found your Parallel.

My

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May Heaven forestall your asking with such
As neither you, nor I should dare to wish.
Quiet in State and mind oh may you prove
Content in all things, as your Ladies love.
And may your mutual Embraces bind
Not only bodies but each others mind,
Which never any Power may untie,
Untill that either one, or both shall dye.
May both your Sons be like you in th' Extreme,
And then I'll swear none ere shall be like them,
May you still have your Will, and ne're want
(Powers,
And I ne're be my self but when I'm
Yours.

On one Grace C. an Insatiate Whore.

GO shameful Model of a Cursed Whore!
Damn'd by Creation ever to be poor!
Tho' Cloth'd in Indian Silk, or what may be,
Consumed on thy matchless Venery.
Thou Eldest Daughter to the Prince of Night,
That can't out-ly thy Father at first Sight.
Out-Scoff an Ishmaelite and attempt more,
Than all our Wicked Age hath done before.

Nay

Nay where the Devil ends, thou canst begin,
 And teach both him and us, new ways to sin;
 Making us to conclude that all bad Crimes
 Are but thy peices Coppy'd by the times.
 Surely thou wert born a Whore from the Womb
 Of some Rank Baud, Unfavor's a Tomb.
 That Carted from all Parishes did sell
 Forbidden Fruit in the high way to Hell.
 If 'twere not Sin to Curse, would they might

(have
 Thee in Esteem, as an insatiate Grave!
 And when with old age and diseases crost,
 (The patient Grissel of thy Nose being lost)
 Let every Hospital grudge and repine,
 To give thee one poor plaister for thy Groyne.
 And ne're let any Man bemone the Case
 That ever knew thee in the State of Grace

(Cook

On

*On the Death of the late Tyrannical U-
surper, Oliver Cromwel.*

GOne with a Vengeance ! had he twenty
 (lives
 He needs must go (they say) the Devil drives.
 Nor went he hence away, like Lamb so mild
 Or Falstaff-wise, like any Chrifome-Child.
 In *Arthur's* Bosom, he's not hush, yet dy'd
 Just as he did, at turning of the Tide ;
 But with it such wind, the Sails did swell,
Charon ne're made a quicker pass to Hell.

Now, as there must be wonder to pretend
 Every notorious Birth, or dismal end,
 Just as when *Hotspurs* *Grannams* Cat (of Yore)
 Did Kitten, or when *Pokins* lost a Bore,
 So when this prodigy of Nature fell,
 Her self seem'd half unhing'd, Tempest foretell
 Direful Events, *Boreas* was out of Breath,
 Till by his Soul inspir'd at his Death.
 Then full of this same blustering Sir, he throws
 Down sturdy Oakes and Elms, to kiss his Toes.
 Himself was heart of Oak, so now they strive
 To simpath with him, dead as when alive.
 Trees now, as Men, like Trees reverted stood,
 You'd think the Devil had been gon to wood.

All things were Topsy-turvy, thus he fell,
 The wrath of Heaven, and the prey of Hell.

CANT.

CANT. LI.

I.

A Bsit metus phantasticus :
 Futuri mali nescius !
 Erebeo, fuge, vultu,
 Terrente, nos ab amplexu !
 Quanto Crescemus amore,
 Umbris absentibus, & te ?

II

Nè Gemas; sistens lachrymas
 Est nefas quod non audeas,
 Si Crimen voluptatibus,
 Porta; præsit Cerberus,
 Nemo potest, non intrare,
 Quem nolunt dii absolvere.

III.

Prostrata Chara ad pedes
 Vanescunt citò lemures
 Porta patenti Abyssi,
 Ad aditum Paradisi,
 Dum prospectantes Angeli
 Quærunq; quid sumus acturi.

CANT

C A N T. LII.

I.

SChismaticis ex omnibus,
 Motis, vi Gallo-Belgica,
 Nullus, evertit sic cultus,
 Aut lacerat Specimina,
 Ut binis pileis Buccatus,
 Cui Zelus est Emensuratus,
 Secundum faucium hiatus.

II.

Iste quem soror adorât,
 Acta, ducens, Cælestia,
 Qui flante spiritu, boat,
 Ac deflet, re fortuitâ,
 Imò mugit, rudit, latrat,
 An talis Clericus erat,
 Qui linguas arcæ, proferat !

III.

Profelytos, more apum,
 Terre clangit dolci-sono,
 Compressat sudariolum,
 Mungens Calvinum e naso:
 Motum obtrudit, motui,
 Ac impare cum simili,
 Constat Octavo usui.

IV. Monar-

IV.

*Monarchia dum sanguinat,
Fidelis & Perfidia,
Tuæsin Thamesis meat,
Flammant ut Pharus, Pulpita
Dum vitulos Plebs erigi
Ac laudum nemo metuit,
Biblio-Cometes emergit.*

V.

*Quam primum Regem hic nudat
Terrâ, ac Privigio :
Et icto Hero, astu dat,
Glaadium maligno socio
Cacutiens autem decernat
Quo Lanio, Capram alligat,
Ut servus interficiat.*

VI.

*Tunc Fugum Anglia persen,
Mariano, multò gravius,
Vel Concio plures perdidit
Quam Bonneri fasciculus :
Zelo-canis. Pulmone Boreæ;
Certavit docuit, & notoriè
Regem occidit, sacrum Gloriæ.*

VII.

*Ob Regem senatum pugnavit,
Ac si perflaret Borea-notus,
Præceptum sacrè violavit,
Mactavit, & est ore lotus;*

(163)

*Amnestia illum, non mutat
Nec Clemens, qui obliterat,
Æthiopem candificat.*

VIII.

*Rebellaturus evocat
Sacro-sanctos, in Copiis,
Insontes este eboat
Sufflat, adeste gladiis ;
Sic insolenter est elatus,
Invictos, ejus deos ratus,
Nummos, putà & comitatus.*

IX.

*Magistratus vilipendit;
Insens Reges
Non Conjunctos, se contendit
Usque mortuis lanea teges,
Barbatum goff, Primatem,
Vilifaciens Potestatem
Dagonis ut debilitatem.*

X.

*Au ! pleno ore blaterat
Fratres ! este Romifugi !
Sic lites, domi excitat
Imbellis, timens emori
Quam valeat Carolus Regnare
Zelantes si transiret mare
Apud hispanos predicare.*

XI.

*Stellarum ordo figitur,
Lis nulla est Cælestibus,*

An

*An medium est derigitur
 Confusis & Conformibus
 Divisa nequit gens constare
 Malum est præcipia Tauris dare
 Pejus Pueros, cultis nugare.*

XII.

*Mallem me missæ reddere,
 Aut uti Tremulorum Phrasi,
 Me asinum, Papam premere,
 Mihi ut vaccæ, lac extrahi.
 Quam cedere SMEC-legibus,
 Bonæ causæ effectibus,
 Cu vulturinis unguibus.*

XIII.

*Agmina nempe schismatum
 Ecclesia tulit Scotica,
 Tinctura est vestis sectarum,
 Cærule Aquilonica:
 Et quinam isti Enthei,
 Knipperdolingiæ Fidei,
 Ni Fædorati, rancidi.*

XIV.

*At omnes Regem diligunt,
 Ipsosq; insontes gloriantur,
 Nullæ Res adeo vilescunt,
 Ut non prætextu speciantur.
 Hæc, tamen fari audeo,
 Non parem Caballaria,
 Nec comparem Presbitero.*

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